

Emotional Dig by chelseapenny

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Summary: Will is in love with his best friend, Mike, and is determined to have him. However, Mike is dating El Hopper. Now that the party is in college, Mike is having a hard time sorting out his feelings. Rated M for future chapters.

1. Chapter 1

Welcome to my first fan fic! Please leave a review and enjoy! Rated M for future chapters. It's about to get angsty in here.

I do not own Strangers Things, nor endorse any affiliates in this story.

Chapter 1

"Agricultural Engineering?", exclaimed Will.

"Yeah", Mike said, while shoving the last of his burger in his mouth, "It's more exciting than it sounds".

Will and Mike were enjoying their usual Friday night tradition of Benny's burgers and fries. With college starting up in a few weeks, Mike and Will were ecstatic, but anxious. The sweet taste of greasy beef, topped with melted cheddar and the works, always kept them calm.

"I just always pictured you as a NASA employee, with a tie, plastic badge, and a coffee mug with a quirky saying", Will stated.

"Hey! What's wrong with quirky coffee mugs? Are you hating on my 'I Hate Mondays' cup?"

"See? Like I said...future NASA employee."

"Whatever. It beats rolling around in paint!"

Will playfully gasped and threw a french fry at Mike. Mike responded by lightly kicking his foot. Will blushed slightly at Mike's response. If only Mike knew Will's feelings...his true feelings. Will had a huge crush on Mike since he was 15 years old. However, there was always something in the way; a giant elephant in the imaginary room that contained his love life.

El Hopper.

Mike and El had been dating since after the Snowball of '84. At first, Will was excited for both of them, just like the rest of the party.

When they entered high school, things began to change. Mike wanted to study science and math, and be sweet on El. Mike followed her around everywhere, drooling over her every step. It got so bad that Dustin brought an old mop to school and shouted, "We don't want any slip and falls, because of your love drooling!" While the rest of the party laughed hysterically, Mike was pissed and snapped the mop in half, with his knee.

Will became more in tune with himself and realized what he desired. He wanted to be an artist, attend a university with an excellent art program, and make it big in the art world. Abstract was his favorite because he could throw paint all over a canvas, while his teachers praised his skill. However, he had a soft spot for just a number two pencil and paper.

But most importantly, he wanted someone to love...a man.

Senior year, Will came out and everyone was supportive. He was finally confident in his own mindset, but the hole in his heart remained. He longed for Mike, but he did not want to ruin their friendship, by causing a rift between Mike and El. So, he stood on the sidelines, like a true friend. He watched Mike and El sneak quick kisses between classes, cuddle on the couch in Mike's basement, and share a large milkshake with one straw. Will became jealous, longing to be in El's place.

"What's El up to tonight?" Will asked.

"She's working over at The Hawk," Mike said, "I think Steve is taking her home, since Hopper is on duty tonight".

"At least she's keeping busy."

Friday nights were always his night with Mike. Absolutely no exceptions. El understood this rule, at the beginning of their relationship. El opted to work Friday nights at The Hawk, while Mike and Will hung out. Every week, Mike and Will had the same routine. They would start with burgers at Benny's, followed by a movie marathon in Mike's basement. Sometimes, Will would sleep over or Jonathan would take him home, after dropping off Nancy.

When Will did sleep over, he would always watch Mike sleep. He would focus on Mike's soft breathing, the rising and falling his chest, and at times, a soft snore or two. One time, Mike's whole body twitched, and Will took that memory and locked it up in his head. He was head over heels in love with his tall and lanky best friend. The next morning, when he had to go home, he would sulk all day, knowing that Mike and El were together. The thought of El running her fingers through Mike's midnight curls and Mike tickling her sides, was enough to nauseate Will. He daydreamed of running his hands through Mike's hair and how he longed for Mike to tease him senselessly.

However, Will did have an upper advantage. He knew something about Mike and El that he would remind himself, when he needed some comfort to his pain. Mike and El have never hooked up. El made it very clear that she was not ready. Although there were many times that Mike was hormonally frustrated, he did respect El's decision. Will kept thinking to himself that maybe one day, Mike would grow tired of waiting for El. Maybe Mike would give Will a chance to be more than just friends. But then the thought quickly dissolved, as Will kept grip with reality: Mike was in love with El.

Once dinner was finished, they piled into Mike's car and drove to the house. They were quiet on the car ride, Mike focused on the road and Will was fiddling with the radio. Will settled on a station that was playing Cheap Trick. Will looked over and caught Mike glancing at Will. Mike quickly turned his eyes back to the road. Will felt his face get hot...was Mike checking him out? *No*, Will thought, *why would he*.

"Mom, Dad, and Holly are visiting my Aunt Nora this weekend. I think Nancy is staying over with Jonathan tonight, too. We'll have the house to ourselves," Mike said softly.

Will's face went from lukewarm to a burning inferno. "Um, ok...that sounds cool."

Mike gripped the steering wheel tightly, as he pulled into the driveway. They made their way to the basement door and Will dropped his overnight bag on the floor.

"So, what movie should we start with?" Mike asked, while pulling out the drawer of video tapes.

"Um....Back to the Future?" Will nervously bit his lip, watching Mike bend over.

"Excellent choice!"

As Mike was setting up the VHS player, Will got depressed. Mike took notice and sat down next to Will. "What's wrong?" Mike asked.

"I'm going to miss our Friday nights," Will mumbled, while staring at his lap.

"Me too. It's only for a semester or two. Once they removes you from the waitlist, and you're accepted, we can resume our tradition."

"If they accept me."

"They will!"

A prestigious university, down in South Carolina, offered Mike a full ride to study Agricultural Engineering. It took Will, along with the other party members, some time to get used to the idea of Mike working with trees and dirt. Dustin and Lucas began referring to Mike as "The Farmer". For Christmas, Max gave Mike a pair of overalls, as a dig (no pun intended) at Mike's new adventure. It didn't matter to Mike; he found his calling. Besides, the joke was on Max... he wore them every Sunday.

Since Hopper and El were now living in the cabin, Mike would often venture out into the woods. It became a familiar, yet peaceful place, when the stress of the day was too much for him. That's when Mike got interested in agriculture. Every so often, he would help Hopper cut down some trees, near the cabin, to make more space. One weekend, Hopper and Mike were clearing out a section of trees, to make room for a driveway. Mike started asking Hopper questions about different types of trees. Over time, the conversation turned into topics about what products and structures are created from wood. Mike's interest was peaked. Not long afterwards, he had his sights set on moving south.

Will applied to the same school as Mike and got waitlisted (he had to apply...he wanted to be with Mike), as his SAT score border lined regular admission. Will was so pissed, but had a backup plan. Will decided to attend Indiana University, while he waited for Clemson's decision. Both schools had excellent art programs. If he didn't get accepted, he would stay at Indiana.

Mike gave Will a reassuring pat on his thigh. Will turned four shades of red in six seconds. Mike patted his thigh, and Will was desperately trying to hold it together. Mike could have patted his shoulder, or even slapped his back. Playful kick and now thigh patting? What's gotten in to Mike? Will tried to slow his breathing, as the movie started.

As the movie progressed, Will notice Mike inching closer to Will. Then, towards the end of the film, Mike lightly kicked Will's foot... again. Will sat motionless, attempting to concentrate on the movie's ending (even though they've seen this movie 103 times). As the credits rolled, Mike and Will both slowly turned towards each other. Mike stared at Will, like he was going say something, but didn't have the words. Will swallowed hard, and held his hands together, to keep them from trembling. Mike's stare then turned into a look of pure need. What was up with Mike tonight? Was this another episode of sexual frustration? In Will's mind, he certainly hoped so. He would be happy to satisfy Mike's needs.

They began to move closer, heads slowly gravitating towards each other....

RRRRRRRINGGGGGG!

Damn it, Will cursed in his head.

Mike snapped out of his sexual daze, or whatever funk he was in, got up and answered the phone.

"Hello?" Mike answered.

Will sat on the couch and listened attentively to Mike. It was El, of course, calling to let Mike know she made it home ok.

"I'm glad work was bearable, tonight. Tell Steve I said hello. Are we still meeting at 11 tomorrow? Great! Sleep well, my princess. I love you!" Mike began to make kissing sounds into the phone.

Will shuddered. Here they go again. Will grabbed his overnight bag and went to the bathroom. As he was getting ready for bed, he splashed cold water on his face. He needed to snap back into reality. Mike was with El. He will always be with El. Will had to accept it and remind himself he can only dream. Maybe trying to follow Mike out of state was a bad idea. Will felt completely torn by his emotions. His brain shouted, "Mike and El", but his heart cried "you deserve Mike, too".

When Will came out of the bathroom, Mike had changed clothes and was setting up the sleeping bags on the floor.

Will took a deep breath. "Do you mind if I sleep on the couch?"

Mike looked confused. "Um...no, not at all. Is something wrong?"

"I just don't feel well." Will grabbed his sleeping bag and settled in to the couch. Mike stood there for a few moments, then turned the light off and slipped into his sleeping bag.

For a few minutes, it was completely silent. Mike finally spoke up. "Are you sure you're ok?"

"I'm ok, Mike. Let's go to sleep," Will huffed.

"Ok. G-good night Will."

"Night."

As he heard Mike drift off to sleep, Will made himself a solid promise. He was tired of being the third wheel. He wanted to be Mike's one and only.

It was decided...Will was going to pursue Mike.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Will began to wonder how high school passed in the blink of an eye. When senior year rolled around, his classmates called it "the end of the twelve-year depression". Everyone started getting unfocused and restless, which Mike found annoying. "I'd rather read a book, instead of lighting it on fire", Mike would say. It also meant that college on the horizon. Each member of the party had their own path, which meant attending college in different states.

Over the next few weeks, Will began to notice a change in the party's demeanor. Will just brushed it off as the stress of starting college. All the party members were nervous about starting their new chapters outside of Hawkins. In addition to Mike moving to South Carolina and Will going to Indiana, Max and Lucas were both accepted to the University of Michigan. As they were packing their belongings in boxes, Lucas had to remind Max that several layers of coats and clothing would be necessary. Max didn't understand that winter in Michigan would be frigid. Will was happy that Lucas would be there with Max, and he knew both would take care of each other.

Dustin decided to join Will at Indiana. Although Dustin made no plans to transfer, he didn't want to be randomly paired with a freshman roommate, who may or may not understand the concept of hygiene or privacy. He asked Will if they could be roommates, and Will happily accepted. After all, if Will transferred after fall semester, Dustin would have the dorm room to himself.

"You won't mind being alone?", Will asked Dustin.

"Are you kidding?", Dustin stated excitedly, "If you transfer during the year, I get to turn the room into a full-blown bachelor pad! Just think of all the sexy college babes knocking at my door. Grrrrrrrr!"

Jesus, how many women did Dustin plan to sleep with, Will shook his head, trying not to laugh. Will made a mental note to leave a box of condoms in Dustin desk, complete with a big red bow for special effect.

Will saw that Mike was becoming more soft and clingy, as the weeks progressed. Mike was constantly asking Will to hang out with him on days that were not Fridays. Will also noticed that Mike's numerous requests to hang out did not involve other members of the party. Will didn't mind, although he wondered if Mike was slowly letting El off the hook. Again, Will's brain kept reminding him that El was still in the picture, and that Mike just wanted to spend as much time with Will, before he moved.

The atmosphere, between the two best friends, changed drastically. They did keep up with their original plans: playing video games in Mike's basement, hanging out at the base of the quarry, and Friday nights at Benny's. However, Mike kept offering to pay for their Friday night burgers, even though they always split the bill. When they hung out and played video games or went to the arcade, Mike began letting Will choose the first game. Mike couldn't stop gawking at Will, his face illuminated by the glowing neon lights, watching Will get excited when he landed the high score. Mike's trance didn't last very long, as El would often show up, wrapping her arms around Mike's waist and begging for his attention. Shortly after, Mike and El would be sucking face in the corner. Will pretended not to notice, his attention focused solely on the video game.

This was part of Will's plan: playing hard to get. He called it "Operation Steal Mike from El" (so original, right?) and he had all his goals charted out. If he expressed his opinion of El interrupting them, it may upset Mike. He kept his mouth shut, pretended to laugh at her jokes, smiled like an idiot, and held in the jealousy.

During the movie night sleepovers, Will often caught Mike staring at him again, with that same look of hormonal need. When Will glanced over in Mike's direction, Mike would avert his eyes from Will and move them quickly back to the movie. As much as Will wanted to surge forward and take in Mike's lips with full passion, he couldn't risk it, not just yet. El was still with Mike, and Will was not going to make the first move. It was difficult playing hard to get. Will's hormonal urges and lovesick thoughts kept flying through his head like rabid bats. *You are in control*, Will reminded himself, *you are in control*.

With "Operation Steal Mike from El" in motion, Will pulled out all the

stops. Will kept it subtle in the beginning. He didn't answer the phone every time it rang and when Mike left a message on the answering machine, Will would wait about 3-4 hours to call him back. Almost every time, Mike answered the phone within the first ring. Mike would try to play it cool, but he always sounded out of breath, like he sprinted to the phone, and his voice was an octave higher. *Yeah, Will giggled internally, he's not excited at all.*

Will also started wearing more cologne, with button downs shirts (with the first top buttons undone, obviously), and it drove Mike insane. It started when Will got into Mike's car, for their Friday night routine. As they were on the way to Benny's, Mike swallowed hard, gripped the steering wheel tightly, to where his knuckles went white, and stated "Is that cologne new?"

"Yeah," Will smirked, but not turning his head.

"Um...it smells n-nice. Not like I didn't think you smelled nice before...or that you smelled...or tha..." Mike stammered and sighed nervously, "y-you know what I mean."

This is going to be fun, Will held in his laughter by trying to take a slow deep breath.

Mike kept wondering why he was feeling more nervous around Will, like he did when he first met El. Was it because he was sexually frustrated? El's constant refusal to satisfy Mike's needs was slowing started to anger him. But he remembered what his mother taught him years ago: when a woman says no, it always means no. Mike was a gentleman, and he respected El. However, masturbation was no longer helping ease his pain. He kept one of those gentleman magazines, with the women of the month centerfold, and he couldn't even get off with that.

Why didn't El want to express her love to Mike physically? Mike became self-conscious and wondered if El still found him attractive. *Of course she does, you idiot,* Mike sighed, *you're just horny all the time.*

Mike began to take more notice in Will. He noticed that Will seemed to be more confident than usual. It was like a whole new Will: new college, new attitude, new life. Mike worried that Will would forget

about their plans to reunite next semester and find new friends at Indiana. Why would Will want to hang out with him? Lanky, clumsy Mike Wheeler, who was about to spend his college career learning how to build farms and dig up different variations of dirt.

Mike gripped firm to the steering wheel, focusing on the road. *Maybe Will was right, Mike thought, maybe I am destined to be a NASA employee. Would that turn him on?*

Record scratch... Mike got so startled by his own thought, he jerked the car to the right, then back on the road.

What?! Mike screamed in his head, *why would I worry about what makes Will horny? Where did that come from?*

"Mike!" Will shouted, "what the hell? Are you trying to kill us?"

"S-s-sorry Will," Mike stuttered, "I-I was distracted."

"By what?", Will questioned anxiously.

"I was distracted by a....a mountain lion!" Mike turned red with embarrassment.

Will blinked and stared at him with a blank expression. "There are no mountain lions in Hawkins."

"O-ok. Maybe it was a deer. Yeah, a deer. Just a sweet, innocent deer".

"Um...ok...", Will turned his head towards the window and tried not to laugh. *Hold it in, Byers. Mike's acting like a lovesick fool. You are in control.*

Mike pulled into Benny's parking lot and shut off the engine. As Will got out of the car, the clean smell of his cologne drifted towards Mike's nostrils. It left Mike dazed and before he knew it, he started growing with excitement. Mike froze in his seat and tried to think of different things to contain his, ahem, situation. *Midterms, Hopper chasing after him with his tree hatchet...damn it! Nothing's happening!*

Mike suddenly shouted, "I have to go to the bathroom!" Mike sprinted

inside the diner, and ran straight to the single-occupant bathroom, before the server could say hello. He went to the sink, splashed cold water on his face, and looked down towards his pants, which was still a pitched tent in Mike's campground. He didn't want to do this in a public bathroom, but he needed relief. Mike tried to picture El, and her thin, firm body, but for once it wasn't helping. As soon as Will popped into his head, and Will's beautiful auburn-brown hair and the way Will smelled like hints of wood, it only took Mike 60 seconds. Pretty soon, he was panting and out of breath. As he went to wash his hands, Will pounded on the door.

"Mike!", Will shouted through the door, "are you ok in there?"

"Yea," Mike responded back, "go ahead and order our burgers. I'll be out soon".

Mike heard Will walk away. Mike regained his composure, adjusted himself, and went to their booth. As he approached the booth and saw Will sitting there, giving their order to the server, Mike felt tingly, then confused.

Holy shit, Mike gulped, I am so fucked.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Since his little incident in the bathroom, Mike was a hot mess, physically and emotionally. When Mike and Will sat down for their dinner, Mike was sweating profusely through his shirt. Will pretended not to notice, although he had a feeling of what Mike was up to. When they got back to Mike's house and settled in the basement, Mike took his shirt off, blaming the summer heat. Again, Will gave Mike the one-word response, "Ok" and went back to watching the movie. Mike didn't need to know that Will's excitement was about to get the best of him. *That's what pillows are for*, Will smirked to himself. When the movie ended, and it was time for bed, Will took his place on the couch. He usually slept next to Mike, on the floor. However, since they were interrupted by El a few weeks ago, Will began sleeping on Mike's couch. It was also part 14 of "Operation Steal Mike from El" and it was working. Mike was indirect, but firm, on why Will should sleep on the floor with him. Will would always give him short excuses, such as "My back hurts" or "You kick in your sleep", which Mike argues he doesn't (spoiler alert: he does).

One Friday night, Jonathan picked him up, after his date with Nancy. When Will went home with Jonathan (part 6 of his plan), Mike would drop hints on why Will should stay over. Will refused, stating he was tired, and went home with Jonathan. When Will got home and entered his bedroom, Mike was calling him on the Supercom....as soon as he walked in the door. Will wondered how long Mike was calling him, before he got home. Part 6: success.

Will was leaving for college in a few days, before Mike. He was packing up his belongings, when he found pictures of him and Mike from the summer before they entered 3rd grade. They were at a day camp and had paint all over their clothes and faces. *And Mike's the one that doesn't want to roll around in paint*, Will chuckled. He couldn't get Mike out of his head. Will knew Mike would want to keep these photos with him, when he went to Clemson. Besides, he had been playing hard to get for weeks and one night with his guard down

would be ok. Will placed the photos in his back pocket, got on his bike and pedaled to Mike's house.

When he got to Mike's house, he saw the amber glow of the basement lights. When he pulled his bike up the basement door, he heard a strange noise. He looked over and saw El's old pickup truck, the one Hopper bought for El, when she got her driver's license. Then he put two and two together...and his heart dropped.

Will didn't want to be a Peeping Tom, but he peered through the basement window. What he saw made his throat dry. El and Mike were on the couch, the same couch that Will slept on, tangled together in passion. Half of their clothes on the floor, limbs flying all over each other, gasps of pleasure coming from the couple. Will's worst fear came true: El had caved to Mike's sexual pleas. *Of course she would*, Will seethed in anger, *he's moving away and she thinks now is the right time*. Will couldn't take it anymore. He dropped the photos on the step and pedaled away, at lightning speed. Thank God he was leaving in a few days. Will's heart couldn't stand being in Hawkins any longer.

Meanwhile, back in Mike's basement, things were getting heated... extremely heated. El had come over, stating she was ready to commit to Mike's sexual needs, and practically threw herself upon Mike. Pretty soon, Mike was on top of El, hands roaming and hips bucking against each other. Mike literally ripped her shirt open, while El removed his with ease. Mike began to devour her neck, leaving small red marks in his path.

"Please Mike," El moaned, "I'm ready. I'm finally ready. Have your way with me!"

Mike continued to grind all over El, as if his life depended on it. *This is it*, Mike thought. At long last, they were finally going to have sex.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a feeling of guilt overcame him. He wasn't quite sure where it came from, but he had a general idea and it didn't feel good. As she reached for his belt, Mike quickly sat up and stared at El. El looked confused. Why did Mike abruptly stop?

"Mike?" El's face expressed concern, "what's wrong?"

Mike stared at her, then around the room. He was panting so hard, he felt like he could have a heart attack at any moment. He looked back down at her, as the guilt in his chest continued to grow.

"El," he panted, "I think you should leave."

"Wait...WHAT?" she shouted.

"You need to leave. I-I can't do this. Not right now. You...you were right, we're not ready."

"Are you serious, Mike?! You have been begging to fuck me for months. So why, all of sudden, a week before you leave and I literally throw myself at you....you say we're not ready?"

"Me being serious? Really El? All this time, you have denied me entry to happy town, and now you feel this is the perfect opportunity to say you are ready. What is this about *Jane*?"

"What do mean? What's up with you, *Michael*?"

"I asked you first", Mike crossed his arms over his bare chest. His heart still beating like crazy.

El sighed and wrapped a blanket around her chest. A few tears came streaming down her face. Those few tears then led to a waterfall and emotion and melted mascara. "I-I," she croaked, "I d-don't want to lose you."

Mike stood there frozen, continuing to stare at El. He didn't really think about the aftermath of what would happen while Mike was out of state. Would they break up? Would she find someone else? Would they stay together, get married, buy a two-story home with rose bushes, and live happily ever after?

El's plans were different from the party members. She enrolled part time at a community college, to focus solely on general education classes. Once she completed her Gen Ed requirements, she would decide if she would transfer to a university or work for Hopper. Hopper was cool with whatever decision she made. He wanted her to live a full and happy life.

"El," Mike sat down next to El on the couch, and placed his arm around her shoulders, "stop worrying about the future. Just because I don't want to have sex right now, doesn't mean you are going to lose me."

"Really?" she cried.

"Really. I love you, El. I'm sorry I pressured you this whole time. I don't want you to think you have to have sex with me, only because I'm leaving. I want you to be ready when the moment is right. When we're *both* ready."

El nodded and hugged Mike tightly. The guilt still lingered in his chest. Although what he told El was true, it wasn't the whole truth.

Mike walked El to her truck and kissed her goodnight. As El drove away, Mike looked down and noticed the discarded photos. He picked them up and smiled into a small laugh. The photos of him and Will, looking happy and goofy with their paint-covered clothes and toothy grins, made Mike's heart swell. The memories of spending his summers with Will flooded his head and soon enough, he was staring into space, grinning like the younger Mike in the photo.

Then, Mike snapped back into reality. *Wait a minute*, Mike thought, *how did these photos get here? These belong to Will*. He then noticed the blinds to the basement window were slightly open.

"Oh, shit!" Mike ran back inside, grabbed his car keys, literally leaped into the driver's seat, and sped off to Will's house.

Many questions raced through Mike's head. When did Will stop by? Did he see anything? If so, how much did he see? Why did he bring the camp photos? Realization hit Mike, like a boulder from the quarry. Will was leaving for Indiana this week, and it may be a while before they see each other in person. Of course, they would keep in touch by phone, but it wasn't like they could drive or bike over to one's house in ten minutes, as they soon would be states apart. Mike came to realize that he was not ready to leave Will behind. What if Will's transfer request doesn't happen right away...or worse, what if it doesn't happen at all? Would Mike be ready to carry on their friendship by phone conversations and occasional snail mail, then

only to see each other on holidays and summer break? What if Will meets someone and chooses to move on? Would Mike be prepared to accept and welcome Will's new boyfriend?

As he was approaching Will's driveway, another thought popped into his mess of a head. Another question that scared the hell out of him:

Why didn't he have these concerns about leaving El behind?

Not once did he worry about leaving El. Not once did he grow jealous of the thought of El with someone else. Maybe it was because he knew she wouldn't leave him, that she would always wait for him. It was like his relationship with El was more convenient and flexible. They were each other's first love and Mike never once thought about their relationship coming to an end. Until now.

Did he truly still love El, or are they still together for convenience? He wouldn't have to worry about being alone later in life. Their friends and families all knew Mike and El would eventually get married and grow old together. But was that what Mike wanted? Does he still want to be with El? As he pulled into the driveway, he came to his truth...his bottled-up truth.

Mike was still in love with El, but he also had romantic feelings for his longtime best friend: Will Byers.

Mike raced to the front door, leaving his car door wide open, with the keys still in the ignition. He knocked frantically, calling out for Will. He looked in the window and saw all the lights were off. Mike then noticed a soft light, coming from Will's window. He ran off the porch to Will's window and banged on it with flat hands.

The loud bangs startled Will out of bed. He looked over and noticed a panic-stricken Mike. *What the heck?* Will looked shocked. *Is this really happening?* Will walked to his window and slid it open.

"Mike!", Will whispered loudly, "what are you doing here?"

Mike swallowed hard and handed Will the photos. "Were you at my house about an hour ago?"

Will turned pale, as he noticed the photos. *Uh-oh....*

"I-I..." Will stammered.

"WILL!" Mike yelled, "WERE YOU AT MY HOUSE?"

"Go ahead, Mike! Yell and scream! Mom and Jonathan are not home tonight!"

"What did you see?" Mike tried to control his breathing.

"Mike-"

"What.... did.... you...see?" Mike said slowly.

Will took a deep breath...this was it.

"I saw you and El," Will answered, "having sex."

Mike froze in place. *He thinks we hooked up*, Mike thought. Mike suddenly felt guilty again. It was the same feeling of guilt he had, when he was with El in the basement. Will deserved to know the truth.

"We didn't make it that far. We didn't have sex. I asked her to leave."

Will looked shocked. Did Mike say what he think he just said? El wanted to have sex and Mike refused. Will's heart swelled and filled his chest. For once, Will felt he may have a chance with Mike. *It has to be now*, Will decided. *If I don't do this, it will never happen.*

"Say that again, Mike." Will gave a sly smile. Mike looked at Will confused.

"I-I said," Mike continued, "we didn't hook-" Before Mike could finish his sentence, Will leaned out his window, grabbed Mike by the neck, and pulled him in for a kiss. Mike was still at first, but then kissed Will back. It lasted for a few seconds, when Will pulled away, leaving Mike stunned and speechless.

"Will....I...", Mike stuttered.

Will gave a soft stare but didn't flirt back. "Goodnight Mike". Will then closed his window, and pulled the curtains together, leaving

Mike outside, frozen in place.

Mike stood outside Will's window and did not move for an hour.

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Mike rested on his back, in his bed, staring at the ceiling. He had not slept since he returned home from Will's house. A wave of sadness hit him, as he glanced over at the digital alarm clock. 5:28 AM. Will leaves for Indiana today. Mike's feelings were desperate; he needed to see Will before he drove off to his new life. *New life*, Mike winced at the thought. What about Mike's life? He needed Will in his life, in more ways than one.

But, it wasn't just Will he needed; he also didn't want to lose El. The whole party was leaving her, and she was still stuck at the cabin with Hopper; stuck in boring old Hawkins. Mike could have asked her to move with him. There were plenty of community colleges near his new school. Why didn't he ask her months ago? Was it because of Hopper? Just the thought of Hopper chopping down those trees with one strike, made Mike's bottom fall out. Imagine if Mike told Hopper that he wanted El to move out of state, so they can play house. Hopper would probably replace the tree with Mike's....well you know.

Frustrated, Mike picked up his supercom and turned it to channel six. "Dustin, do you copy?"

Static.

"Dustin, it's Mike. Do you copy? Over."

Static.

"Come on, Dustin. Answer! I need to talk to you! Over."

Then, he heard a break in the static.

"Jesus, Mike!" Dustin yelled, "Do you know what time it is? Over."

"What time are you and Will leaving again?", Mike asked anxiously.

"Uh, I think Will wants to be on the road by 7:30. Are you coming to

see us off?"

After the kiss a few nights ago, Mike didn't think Will wanted to see him. He was afraid that Will was mad or embarrassed. Did Will kiss him, just to shut him up or did the kiss mean more? Mike didn't care, he had to see Will.

"Yep. I'll be there. Over and out," Mike didn't give Dustin time to respond, when he shut off the super com.

Mike hurried to the bathroom to shower and brush his teeth. He tried to be as quiet as possible, as his family was still asleep. He then put on a fresh change of clothes, fixed his moppy head of curls, and tip-toed downstairs, to grab a bagel. He sneaked down to the basement, to go out the basement door to his car, as to not disturb the others.

Mike cranked up his car and check his watch: 6:15 AM. Plenty of time to talk to Will. On the drive to Wills house, Phil Collins, "A Groovy Kind of Love" played softly on the radio. Mike wasn't much of a Phil Collins fan, but he listened to the lyrics. Surprisingly, Mike started tearing up as the song triggered an image of a smiling Will, in his brain. It was like fate was pushing him towards Will. He couldn't remember the last time he felt this way about El, although he still felt warm tingles with her, too. Mike's head and heart were playing internal tug of war with a rope braided by his emotions.

Mike pulled into the Byers driveway and saw the lights were on inside. He shut off the engine, got out of the car, walked to the front door, then hesitated. What if Will didn't want to see him? Mike's heart sank to his stomach. Just then, the front door flew open and there stood Will, in jeans, sneakers, and a blue t-shirt.

"Mike!", Will gasped, stepped outside and shut the front door, "what are you doing here?"

"How did you know it was me, and not some intruder?" Mike said jokingly.

Will blushed, "I saw headlights, looked out my window and saw your car."

Mike shifted back and forth on his heels, hand shoved in his pockets. "I wanted to see you before you left. We haven't spoken since... since..."

"Our kiss?" Will whispered.

"Yeah," Mike responded, "are you mad at me? D-do you want me to leave?"

Will stood there and stared at Mike for a few moments. "No, Mike. You can stay."

They both stood there in silence. Will wanted to say something first but waited for Mike. *You're in control*, Will reminded himself. Mike took a step closer to Will.

"Will," Mike began, "I don't want for us to go to separate schools, not speaking to each other regarding what happened. You are my best friend. I care deeply for you."

Will stood there, his outer expression unchanged, but his insides were on fire.

"The kiss," Mike paused, "I-I liked it."

Will's eyes got big. His heart was doing a happy dance in his chest. Mike started blushing and took Will's shoulders with his hands.

"My heart is torn," Mike continued. "I have strong feelings for El, but I also have strong feelings for you. I'm a hopeless mess and I don't know what to do."

Before Will could say anything, Mike took Will's face in his hands and surged forward, taking in Will's soft lips into his own. The kiss started soft and sweet, then Will snaked his arms around Mike's waist and opened the kiss. Mike sucked in Will's bottom lip, which set Will over the edge. The kiss turned passionate, and after a few minutes, both separated to catch their breath. Will stared at Mike's swollen lips and melted in his embrace.

"I have an idea," Will said softly.

"Hmm?" Mike hummed, still dazed from their kiss.

"Let's both remain focused on our respective fall semesters. We will continue to keep talking long distance. When your school responds to my transfer request, no matter their decision, we will figure it out."

Mike looked at Will with a smile. He liked this idea.

"Besides," Will continued, "you need to figure out your feelings for El. You two are still dating."

Mike's heart immediately dropped to his stomach, again. It was becoming a common feeling these days. "Do you think El will find out that we've made out?"

"No," Will wait firmly, "I won't say anything, I hope you won't say anything either, especially to El."

Mike was pensive for a moment. If El found out about his feelings for Will, it would crush her. After all, Mike was still in love with El and he told her everything. Well...almost everything.

Mike kissed Will's forehead. "OK," he said, "it'll be out little secret." As Mike went in towards Will's lips, a set of footsteps came towards the front door.

"Quick! Disengage!" Will whispered. The two separated quickly as the front door opened. Joyce Byers stood there, startled but with a large grin.

"Mike!" she exclaimed, "I didn't know you were coming over. You are just in time for Will's going away breakfast." She gestured them inside and walked back towards the kitchen.

Mike entered first, followed by Will. Both slowed their pace to glance at each other. Mike gave will a flirtatious smile and Will smirked back. As they got closer to the kitchen, they attempted to contain themselves. Mike walked over to Joyce, to help her with cooking the bacon. Will sat down at the table, watching Mike cook. He was fascinated with everything about Mike: the way his midnight locks fall over his eyes, his lanky arms and legs, with a semi full chest, soft facial features, and his freckles. Boy, did Will love Mike's freckles.

Will had a fantasy to connect all of Mike's freckles with something edible, that he could lick off later.

Will's fantasy about Mike was interrupted by Mike yelping, as some bacon grease splashed on index finger. Mike put it in his mouth, to soothe the burn, and hummed in discomfort. As Will watched Mike suck on his injured finger, his pants began to tent upward. Will got nervous and tried to breathe slowly, to calm himself down. He didn't want Joyce to notice, let alone Mike, as Mike would constantly remind him for the rest of time. By the time Mike and Joyce brought breakfast to the table, Will was ok.

Jonathan came out of his room, to join them. "Hey buddy!" Jonathan ruffled Will's hair. "You ready for the big adventure?"

"Yep!" Will answered excitedly, "I'm so ready to get there and unpack."

Joyce began to cry into her toast. "Oh, my boys are all grown up and moving away from home."

Jonathan reached for his mother's hand. "Mom, don't cry. It's not like we're never coming back. "

"I know," Joyce sobbed, "it's just with you going back to New York and Will now leaving, I'll officially be an empty-nester."

Will got up from his chair and went over to hug Joyce. Jonathan joined in on the hug. "I'm so proud of you two. All of you," she nodded at Mike. "Come here, Mike."

Mike got up to join in on the group hug. The hug was warm but rained upon by Joyce's tears. Mike was going to miss Joyce too, as she was like a second mother to him. A few moments later, the sentimental moment was broken up by Dustin barging through the front door.

"College time!" Dustin yelled while waving his hands frantically in air. He looked over at Joyce and the boys, "Aww, did I interrupt something?"

"Come here, Dustin," Joyce cried. The four boys held her tightly and

didn't want to let go.

After breakfast, Will and Jonathan were cleaning up the dishes, while Joyce smoked a cigarette. Dustin and Mike were loading up Will's boxes and suitcase in Dustin's old VW minivan.

"I can't believe you're taking this hippie mobile to college with you" Mike said in disgust.

"What's wrong with the love van?" Dustin responded in defense, "You should know that this van is what the ladies dig. There's plenty of room, when one needs to take pit stop and-"

"Ok, ok! I get it!" Mike didn't let Dustin finish. He did not want to know what Dustin has done, or plans on doing, in that van. Joyce and Jonathan came out of the house, with Joyce smoking yet another cigarette.

"Hey Dustin," Jonathan called out, "let's do an inspection, to make sure the bumper rack in on properly."

"Where's Will?" Mike asked.

Joyce coughed, "He's inside looking for his wallet". Mike's ears perked up and he took a chance at the quick opportunity to be alone with Will.

"I'll go help him look," Mike ran inside quickly. He ran up the hall to Will's room and saw Will sitting on his bed, wallet in hand. He was rolling it around in his hands, looking downward. Mike bent down next to him and lifted Will's chin with his hand.

"Do you have everything?" Mike asked.

"Yea, I think so," Will said softly, still staring at his wallet. "I packed my supercom. I know we won't be able to communicate on it, but I just want a piece of the party." Will lifted his head up to look straight into Mike's eyes, which were warm and inviting.

"I'm taking mine, too." Mike also said softly, "so I will have a piece of you." Will's breath hitched in his throat. Mike took that as a signal that Will wanted the same thing Mike wanted.

Mike got up quickly, looked down the hall from Will's bedroom door. When he saw no one in the house, he rushed back to Will, knelt forward and gave him a passionate kiss. Will and Mike knew they only had mere seconds before someone came back inside, so they had to hurry. Will pulled Mike towards him, on his bed. Mike fell on top of him and Will's hands roamed all over Mike's back. They opened the kiss and allowed their tongues to dance freely. Mike then grabbed a handful of Will's hair and gave it a gentle tug. Will hummed in Mike's mouth in response, trying not to be loud. Will was completely turned on, that it left him somewhat frustrated. If no one was home, and they had left later, then he and Mike would have plenty of time to fool around. Will had no idea how he was going to be able to concentrate at school, when all he was going to think about was the farewell make out session in his bed. However, it was time to break up the heat. They had to go back outside, without the risk of getting caught. Will then suddenly had an idea. He decided to add one more part to his master plan to pursue Mike.

Will kept his lips on Mike, and with fevered courage, he grabbed Mike's crotch...firmly.

Mike moaned in Will's mouth. It was the hottest sound Will ever heard out of Mike. Will then pulled away from the kiss and stared at Mike. Mike looked like a love sick puppy, his eyes begging for more. Will gave Mike a quick peck on the nose and said, "I have to go." Mike nodded and got up off Will. "I'm going to the bathroom," Will continued, "That will give you some time to calm down." He winked at Mike and walked to the bathroom.

Mike sat there, completely stunned by what just happened. For the first time in a while, it felt like there were fireworks about to burst out of his manhood. Mike closed Will's bedroom door and commenced with his release, solely thinking of Will and what would happen if Will grabbed him *without* his pants. Meanwhile, Will had settled in the bathroom, commencing with his own release, as well. Will's sudden burst of courage caused his heart to thump loudly. He felt great about being in control.

Both finished quickly and exited the rooms. Mike and Will met in the hallway and walked together to the front door. Joyce, Jonathan, and Dustin were at the minivan, trying to get the sliding door to close.

Dustin looked defensive and Jonathan was already sweating.

"I'm telling you, it won't close!" Jonathan gasped loudly.

"Yes, it will," Dustin responded, "you have to force it."

"You're going to break the door!" Joyce exclaimed.

"No, we're not!" Dustin yelled.

Mike and Will started laughing and Mike went to go help. With one strong heave, Mike was able to get the door closed. Will couldn't believe how strong Mike was getting. *Must have been from chopping down all of those trees*, Will thought.

Mike quickly returned to Will and gave him a strong hug. "Call me when you get there," Mike whispered in Will's ear, "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you, too", Will whispered back and pulled away from Mike. He gave Mike another wink and went to go hug Jonathan and Joyce. As the Byers clan were amid another sentimental group hug, Dustin ran over to Mike.

"See ya, buddy," Dustin pulled in to Mike for a hug. "Remember, party rules still apply."

"Yeah, I know," Mike said, "be safe!"

Dustin went around to the driver seat and Will climbed into the passenger seat. As Dustin cranked up the engine, Jonathan and Joyce went over to Mike as they watched the van pull away. Jonathan was holding his mother, as she wept into his shirt. Will looked out the window at Mike and gave him a small wave. Mike watched, holding back tears, as the van pulled out of the driveway.

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Mike left for college a week after Will. For those seven long days and nights, it was eerie that Will was no longer nearby. Will called Mike when he and Dustin made it to their dorm safely. He also provided Mike with the dorm room phone number, so they could keep in touch. Mike and Will talked every night before Mike left. They kept the conversations strictly platonic, mainly because Dustin was there and it was freshmen orientation week. Classes wouldn't begin until the week after, which Will and Mike could have more private conversations when Dustin was in class. Dustin chose to double major in Biology and Computer Science, so he would be away from the dorm often.

The day arrived when it was Mike's turn to move. Hopper and El brought their trucks, to load up Mike's belongings. Holly stayed in Hawkins, sleeping over at a friend's house, and Nancy had already left for NYU with Jonathan. For the long ride down to South Carolina. Mike drove El's truck, with El in the passenger seat. Hopper drove his truck with the Wheeler family in tow. Mike led the caravan line and rolled down the windows. El snuggled next to Mike for most of the ride.

"I'm going to miss you," she whispered.

"I'll miss you too," Mike responded and kissed El's head. He inhaled deeply, as she smelled of mint and vanilla. Her sweet scent hypnotized him.

"When do you want to plan our first visit?" El asked eagerly.

"W-well..." Mike stammered, "I'll have to check in with my roommate to see which weekends he will be going home. That way, if he's not there, we will have the room to ourselves."

"What about you coming back to Hawkins? When do you think that will be?"

Mike sighed. This was going to be difficult. "El, it may not be until Thanksgiving. Unless, by some miracle, Friday classes get canceled and I could make it a long weekend."

El pouted. He could see the tears in her eyes start to form. Mike spoke up quickly, as he did not want her to cry to whole trip. Then, Hopper would really have his neck. Hopper was very protective of El, and he made sure Mike was in line, when they were together. Mike had no disrespect for Hopper, however it would have been nice if Hopper trusted Mike and El more. Especially since Mike and El have never had sex. Mike was hoping for a least some brownie points for respecting El's decision.

"Hey El, don't cry. We will see each other. It's just that it will be easier for you to come visit, since you will be in school part-time. I've got a full semester with 18 credit hours. You see what I'm saying?"

El nodded and dried her eyes. "Ok. I love you Mike. I don't want to ruin your semester".

"I know, and I love you too, my princess."

El snuggled up against Mike and fell asleep. Mike's stomach was in knots. He obviously needed lots of time to sort out his feelings. Will was right, they needed the fall semester to figure things out....especially Mike.

Eventually, Mike, El, Hopper, and the Wheelers made it to their destination. They spent most of the day hauling up Mike's stuff to his 4th floor dorm room. While Mike, Hopper, and Ted brought up the heavy items, Karen and El unpacked Mike's belongings and decorated his side of the room. El wandered her eyes over to the other side of the room, where Mike's roommate would sleep. His name was Alex, and he had already moved in the day before. Alex and Mike had already met several months ago, at a seminar held for incoming scholarship recipients. Alex was also in majoring in the same subject as Mike.

Alex had different taste in décor: black bedspread with gray bed sheets, Def Leppard posters all over his wall, and a guitar in the corner. Mike didn't bring much decor, except for his navy colored

bedding and a few knick knacks for his desk. Mike did bring a lot of books and a small bookshelf he made with wood from some of the trees he cut down with Hopper. El opened another box and pulled out his supercom. She remembered when Mike saved up enough money, so she could have one of her own. They would talk until the wee hours of the morning, about how they would always love each other. *One day, she sighed, I'm going to marry him. There will be other activities that will keep us up until dawn,* she chuckled. She then caught herself, as she almost forgot Mike's present. El had a pin up portrait taken of her, in a short, sailor girl outfit. When Karen's back was turned, she placed the 5x7 framed photo in Mike's desk drawer. She would give it to him when they leave.

After the dorm was set up, and they had a quick meal, it was time to say goodbye. Karen hugged Mike tightly, with her mascara running down her face. Ted and Hooper patted Mike on the back to wish him well. As they began to exit, El stopped. "Could you give Mike and I a few moments?" she asked.

Hopper, Karen, and Ted all looked at each other with sly grinds on their faces. "Ok, kiddo. But don't be too long. Mike needs to settle in and rest. We'll wait in the lobby." The three parents made their way towards the elevator and El shut the door.

Mike swallowed hard in anticipation. El had a mischievous look on her face. She walked slowly towards Mike, pushed him on his bed and kissed him hard. He stumbled but returned the kiss and ran his hands through her soft, brown hair. Then suddenly, her hands reached for his belt buckle, undid the clasp and unzipped his pants.

"E-El," Mike stammered, unable to move, "w-what are you doing? What is someone walks in?"

"Don't worry, I'll be quick...and I locked the door." She replied.

Before Mike could respond, El dug through his boxers and found what she was looking for. By the looks of it, he was ready to go and she wasted no time. El took all of Mike in her mouth and began picking up speed. Mike was speechless as he layed back, in pure ecstasy, mouth gapped open with half lidded eyes. He could have told El no, but he didn't have time to think. This was the first time

that he was stimulated orally, and he wasn't going to last long.

"El," Mike gasped, "I'm going to burst." As soon as he said that, El thrust Mike to the back of her throat and that's all it took for him. Mike bucked his hips upward, as he spilled down El's throat, eyes closed and seeing stars. El took all of it...Mike covered his mouth to hold in his moaning.

"Wow," Mike breathed heavily. El slowly zipped Mike's pants back up and went to her purse, for some gum. Mike stood up and wobbled sideways, dizzy from the strenuous activity.

"See? I told you it would be quick," El smiled.

Mike took El in his arms and kissed her forehead, then her lips. "I love you, El".

"I love you, too." El returned the kiss, grabbed her purse, and walked towards the door. She turned around and smiled at Mike. "I'll call you tomorrow," she said, "Check your desk drawer." El then exited the room and shut the door behind her.

Mike's heart was still beating out of his chest, but his adrenaline was slowly coming down. El just blew him...he couldn't believe it. Mike was not expecting for El to do that, especially after their talk in the basement. He went to his desk and opened the drawer, where he found El's picture. Mike's eyes widened at the sight of the pinup and he realized that El was more than ready to be intimate.

Mike was having a hard time processing all of this. El was obviously getting impatient about Mike holding off a physical relationship and it was a roll reversal that he was not prepared for. He had to clear his head...it was a very memorable first day at his new home. As Mike grabbed a new shirt, to change into, he realized he needed to call Will. Mike picked up the phone, grabbed his address book, flipped the pages to Will's dorm number. Mike suddenly hesitated with the thought of El stuffing him into her whole mouth. *Should I tell Will what happened? What would he say?* Mike didn't think they were exclusive and Will said it himself: Mike needed the semester to sort out his feelings. Mike decided it would be best not to tell Will right now, about El's sexual advance. Mike dialed the phone number and it

rang four times, before the machine picked and Dustin's voice echoed:

"Hi, you've reached Dustin and Will. We're not in right now, but please leave a message and we'll call you back. Grrrrrrr!" ::beep::

Mike rolled his eyes, *Of course Dustin purrs on an answering machine.* Mike's hands began to sweat, almost dropping the phone.

"Hey, it's Mike...Mike Wheeler," *No shit, genius.* "I'm all moved in....thought I would give you a quick call. OK...um...I guess you guys are out, so we'll talk...soon." He provided Will with his dorm phone number and ended the call. As Mike was placing the phone in its cradle, Alex walked in.

"Hey Mike! Welcome buddy!" Alex brought Mike in for a hug.

"Hey Alex," Mike responded, trying to cheer up, "Where did you go? You just missed my family."

"Oh, I started early, so I was helping my girl move into her dorm. Let me tell you, her dorm is *way* across campus!"

Mike shifted and stared at his feet. He really missed the party, but most of all, he missed Will. He was a bit jealous of Alex, at that moment, because a lot of Alex's former classmates were also on campus. Alex was from a small town called Laurens, which was about an hour drive from here. Alex's girlfriend, June, was also accepted to the same college. She lived in the girl's dorm, that was apparently a long walk from their dorm. Mike was alone and felt it would be difficult to make new friends, as no one else from Hawkins High School was here. He could already tell that Alex would be spending a lot of time with his significant other, while Mike was sorting out who he wanted to be with.

"Hey man," Alex took notice in Mike's sadness, "you ok?"

Mike looked up from his depressed thought, "Yeah I guess. I'm just a little homesick."

"I'm sorry you're homesick, man. Why don't we walk around campus, and find out where everything is located? June's spending time with

her roommate and some other girls on their hall. We can have a guys night!"

"Yeah, that sounds great!" Mike got excited and both went to exit the dorm. He glanced back at the phone. *What if Will calls back and I'm not here?*

"Hey Alex," Mike said on their way out, "while we're out, can we stop by an electronics store? We could use an answering machine."

Back at Indiana University, Will and Dustin had settled in to their new dorm. They lofted their dorm beds and pushed their desks underneath, which made more room in the close and cramped living space. Will and Dustin had successfully made it through freshman orientation week, and while Will was trying to stay focused, Dustin made it his mission to obtain as many phone numbers from female freshmen. So far, Dustin acquired six phone numbers, a victory to Will's curly-headed roommate. While Dustin was flirting with their campus counterparts, Will's mind was solely thinking of Mike. He remembered that Mike moved into his dorm today and hoped that he made it there safely. He also remembered that El went with him, and the thought of El and Mike together, laughing and smiling while unpacking Mike's clothes, turned Will into a deep shade of green.

Dustin and Will were out getting some last-minute items, before classes started on Monday. Since the campus bookstore let freshmen get their textbooks before the upperclassmen, they had already gotten that nightmare out of the way. The thought of being at the bookstore today, with a line all the way around the block, made Will feel grateful for being a freshman. He and Dustin could enjoy their first weekend on campus, before classes start. Dustin and Will were stocking up on snacks and school supplies, at a local supermarket. Dustin filled his basket to the brim with snack cakes.

"Are you really going to eat all those?" Will laughed, "you'll be gaining the freshman 15 in the first two weeks!"

"High metabolism, Will," Dustin patted his stomach.

"You know there is a dining hall, right? You will not starve."

"But what about midnight snacks? I need my midnight cupcake." Dustin piled more snack boxes in his basket.

Will sighed, *I don't need snack cakes, I need Mike*. How was Will supposed to concentrate on classes, when all he will be thinking about is Mike?

The two guys, with bags in tow, made it back to the dorm. Dustin was putting away his 27 boxes of snack cakes, while Will put away his notebooks. He glanced over at the phone and saw the red light flash on the answering machine. "Dustin! We got a phone message!"

Dustin flung his stack of remaining snack boxes aside and sprinted to the phone. "I hope it's one of my lovely lady friends," Dustin clapped. Will hit the play button and his heart went warm when he heard Mike on the answering machine. *Mike called!* Will smiled and felt like flying.

"Aww man, it's just Mike," Dustin huffed, "I was hoping it was one of the girls."

While Dustin went back to unpacking his shopping bags, Will replayed the message and wrote Mike's number down in his address book. "I'm going to call him back", Will stated.

He dialed Mike's number, however the line continued to ring. It was apparent Mike and Alex didn't have an answering machine yet. *He must be out*, Will deeply sighed, *How will Mike know I called?* Will placed the phone back in it's cradle and looked depressed.

"Don't worry," Dustin mumbled with his mouthful of cupcake, "He'll call back."

Will smiled and took one of Dustin cupcakes. *Yeah, He'll call back.*

6. Chapter 6

I know this chapter is short, but it's more of a filler to what's coming. Thanks for sticking with the story. I hope you are enjoying it as much as I enjoy writing it. Reviews are great...please leave one! :)

Chapter 6

Mike and Alex spent the majority of Saturday evening walking around campus and eating excessive amounts of hot wings. Eventually, they made it to the girls dorm, so Mike could meet June, only to be quickly shooed away by the giggling female freshmen. None of them interested Mike, as all he could think about was getting back to the dorm, to call Will. Mike also needed to call El; it was the least he could do since she Hopper, and his parents were traveling back to Hawkins. After all, it was a long drive, and she did help him move. El also provided Mike with something he had been wanting for a while: sexual relief. Mike couldn't stop thinking about the surprise farewell blowjob that El provided him just hours ago. Even with his conflicted feelings over El and Will, he did enjoy it. It was the best orgasm he experienced...ever. He had experienced orgasms before, but those were from his own hands. What El did was setting the bar high compared to Mike stroking himself in private.

Thinking about their afternoon activity hit him in the gut; he was starting to miss El. His missed her laugh, her signature smell of mint and vanilla, her soft hands and lips. Mike was about to go insane with hormonal need, first with El, then with Will, and back to El, again. Why couldn't he make up his mind? He wondered if Will could satisfy him just as good as El did? Mike and Will were not at that point in their situation and he didn't want to call it a relationship, as El was still his girlfriend. *Best friends that make out*, Mike sighed. He began thinking about Will's soft lips and that gentle wave goodbye from the van window. Mike's heart swelled tremendously but wanted to tear in half, at thought of someone getting heartbroken, in his mess of emotions.

Mike then realized El and the others wouldn't be getting back to Hawkins until late and decided he would call her tomorrow. After the visit to June's dorm, Mike and Alex stopped by a local electronics

store to pick up an answering machine. Alex wondered aimlessly up and down the aisles, not having a clue where to start. Alex wasn't into electronics; his heart was set on music and one day providing a farm for him and June. Mike found what they were looking for in three seconds, paid the cashier, and they were out, heading back to the dorm. As soon as they walked in to the dorm, Mike darted to the phone to dial Will's number.

"Hello?" Will answered. Mike's heart skipped a beat and his throat suddenly went dry, hearing Will's baritone voice. Mike suddenly thought of Will's soft lips again.

"Hey Will," Mike managed to speak out, happy to hear that Will answered.

"Mike!" Will said softly, "sorry for the whisper, Dustin fell asleep. Hang on, OK?"

Will pulled the phone into the hallway as Mike did the same, for more privacy.

"Did you get all moved it?" Will said softly.

"Yes," Mike answered. There were a few moments of silence between them.

"I...I got your message," Will responded, "I tried to call you back."

Mike's heart skipped two beats at that point, "I'm sorry I wasn't here. Alex and I went out for dinner. I did buy an answering machine for the dorm, so I know next time."

"Ok great! Yeah, I don't know why I let Dustin leave the welcome message. It's so embarrassing."

"It's embarrassing because it's Dustin," Mike hesitated for a moment, "Are you sure he can't hear us?"

"He's passed out," Will whispered, "too much sugar." Will and Mike both shared a small laugh.

Mike sighed heavily, "I miss you."

Will's breath hitched in his throat, "I miss you, too."

"I thought about you today. I thought about how happy you must be being in a new place, away from home, starting new classes on Monday."

"Mike," Will began, then paused, "I am happy, but I'm not fully happy unless I'm around you."

Mike got lost in the moment, then a familiar wave of guilt took over. He almost got the courage to tell Will about El giving him a blowjob. But, he didn't want to upset Will, and make their situation more difficult. "I know," Mike continued, "we will see each other soon."

Will let out a deep sigh, "Do you regret making out?"

Mike's thoughts consumed about El's lips around his dick, then switched to the morning that Will left, when Will grabbed him in the heat of the moment. Mike had made the first move, not Will. This was all his decision; however, Mike didn't stop El from her decision. This was turning out to be more complicated than Mike realized.

"No," Mike said softly, "I liked it very much."

Will smiled on the other end of the phone. He felt relieved, but it was late, and he didn't want to wake Dustin. "I have to go. Call me tomorrow?"

"O-ok," Mike answered and paused, "goodnight...Cleric"

Will laughed, "Goodnight...Paladin." Will hung up first. *You are in control*, he reminded himself. He took the phone back inside and went to bed.

Mike returned to his dorm, only to find Alex playing his guitar. "You need help setting up the machine?" Alex asked.

"No, I'll take it from here," Mike responded. Alex nodded and went back to playing his guitar.

Mike busied himself with the task, trying to get his mind off his urges, but it only helped temporarily. Later that night, when they

went to bed, Mike couldn't sleep. He originally blamed his insomnia on the fact that he was sleeping in a new and unfamiliar place. However, his mind had other plans: El and Will. Will and El. El's giggles and sweet demeanor versus Will's soft features and warm embraces and how both of them were able to satisfy his needs. For a split second, Mike thought they would be willing to share him. That moment popped, like an overheated balloon, when he remembered the summer when El punched a girl in the face, for even glancing at Mike. Mike was shocked at El's ability to fight someone but wasn't surprised given that she was the daughter of the chief of police. She was protective of Mike, and she let everyone know that Mike was hers. In addition, with Will being so sensitive, sharing Mike was out of the question.

Thank God tomorrow is Sunday, Mike huffed out a deep sigh, I'm never going to get any sleep.

7. Chapter 7

Chapter 7

The first month of college for Will and Mike flew by quickly. Both stayed busy with their respective course schedules but continued to keep in close contact by phone and letters. Mike was struggling to juggle school, keeping up his relationship with El, and staying abreast on his situation with Will. Although he and Will talked on the phone a few times a week, El called Mike every night. Sometimes, Mike would be at the dorm to take her call, and they would talk for an hour or so. Other times, Mike was at the library or still in lab, and was not able to call El back. She was patient at first, but then became clingy. On one occasion, while Mike was at his study group, she called his dorm five times in a row, leaving desperate "I miss you" and "why aren't you picking up" messages. Alex and June were taking advantage of an empty dorm room and getting frustrated with the interruptions, which led to Alex promptly unplugging the answering machine from the wall.

"You need to have a little chat with your girl, man," Alex stated firmly, when Mike returned to the dorm.

"I know," Mike apologized, "I'll see to it she understands that I'm not the only one living here."

Alex wasn't mad at Mike, but they had previously made an arrangement. Mike understood that while he was out, Alex may have June over to have some much-needed alone time, since June's dorm was overcrowded with sorority rush activities. Alex understood that Mike may need some alone time, while Alex was out, as well. They decided on the scrunchie system: when one was getting busy with a significant other, he would place a pink hair scrunchie on the doorknob. Mike didn't need to use it, as El had not come to visit yet. He did anticipate a visit from El would come very soon, especially since the phone incident. Mike made a call to El and firmly, but calmly, explained that he will call El back if she left a message. If it was late, it may be the next day before he would be able to call. El was upset but understood. Mike then cooed her with verbal affection, using phrases like "my princess" and showering her with

compliments. El's behavior turned from sadness to giggles, and she was OK again.

With the thought of visits playing around his head, Mike really wanted a visit with Will. Although they talked on the phone, he missed seeing him. Will sent Mike a few photos of him and Dustin, goofing off and having fun at Indiana. Will also included a sole picture of himself, in front of a brick wall on campus. Mike admired the photo; the shadows of the early evening sun sharpening Will's features that paired with the early changing of the autumn leaves. Mike had picked up a frame for Will's photo and tucked it under his pillow. Even though El's sailor girl picture stood on his desk and it was exciting to look at, having Will's picture in his bed brought comfort to Mike. On weekends, when Alex went home, and Mike was alone, he would utilize Will's picture for more than just comfort. With his right hand and a bottle of lotion, Mike would imagine Will spreading long kisses down his body, taking Mike into his mouth, both climaxing together in unison. Mike had other fantasies, that filled up his lonely weekends, and they weren't just about Will. Sometimes, it would be about Will tied up to Mike's bed and Mike having his way with him, or they would be about El in black lingerie, riding Mike until he was so lost in lust, he wouldn't be able to see straight.

Mike's emotional and sexual frustrations were hitting its peak. During one of his agricultural labs, where the students worked outside, Mike volunteered to chop down small trees, so he and the others could collect wood samples. Mike exerted his frustration out on those poor trees, utilizing his ax and anger, chopping down the tree in no time. In the process of physically relieving his frustration, Mike had also taken up boxing and weight lifting, at the campus gym. In a matter of weeks, Mike had gained some muscle, his chest had filled out, and his shoulders and arms were hard as rocks. Although the physical activities relieved his frustration during the day, come nightfall, the whirlwind of emotions returned as Mike laid alone in his bed.

Fall break was approaching, giving the students a four-day weekend. Alex didn't have any classes on Fridays, so he would always head home early Friday morning. The Friday before Fall Break, with June in tow, Alex was packing his weekend bag, while Mike was getting

ready for his two morning classes.

"Are you staying on campus for the whole weekend?" Alex asked.

"Yeah," Mike responded, "I won't get a new car until Thanksgiving, so I'm stuck here." Mike's original car, back in Hawkins, was so old that it would not have survived the long road trip. Ted and Hopper tried to fix it, but it was a total loss. Therefore, Ted decided that Mike needed a newer, safer vehicle. Mike had to promise to keep his grades up, so he wouldn't lose his full ride. Despite Mike having emotional turmoil, he had no problem keeping up with his straight A record.

"Bummer, man," Alex continued, "well, if you need anything, call me at home. Enjoy the privacy! We'll see you Tuesday". Alex exited the dorm room, with June waiting in the hall. "Bye, Mike!", June called out. Mike gave her a small wave and closed the door.

Mike grabbed his bookbag and headed to the dining hall, for a quick breakfast. The campus seemed emptier than usual, due to most students getting an early start on Fall Break. Not Mike, he had nothing else to do but go to class, come back, and embrace the quiet. Mike walked to his first class, 10 minutes before it started, only to discover the lights of the lecture hall were off and the door was locked. There was a note on the door, which read:

ALL FRIDAY MATH 1020 CLASSES CANCELLED.

WE WILL RESUME MONDAY. ENJOY FALL BREAK.

Ok, Mike felt somewhat relieved. I'll go sit outside my next class and catch up on the reading.

Mike made his way down the campus bridge and over to the next building, where his General Biology class was located. As he made his way up the stairs, to the Biology department, he saw the Gen Bio professor leaving the lecture hall, briefcase and hat in hand.

"Professor!" Mike called out. He turned to Mike and smiled.

"Good morning, Wheeler!" the professor exclaimed, "you're a bit early."

"I know, my other class was canceled," Mike noticed his hat and briefcase, "Are you heading out?"

"You bet, Wheeler. My wife and I are off to Lake Hartwell for the weekend. I'm canceling all lectures today."

Mike looked stunned. Both of his classes canceled? He couldn't believe his luck. The professor tipped his hat and walked towards the exit.

Mike exited shortly after and walked back to his dorm. When he arrived at his room, he checked his watch: 9:22 AM. His four-day weekend had officially begun, and he had no idea what to do. He wondered what El was doing. He picked up the phone and dialed the cabin, but there was no answer. He hesitated and dialed a number he didn't think he would need: Hawkins Police. Maybe she was helping Hopper today at the station. Mike swallowed hard as the line began to ring.

"Hawkins Police, Officer Steve Harrington speaking." *Oh great*, Mike made a face.

"Hi, Steve, it's Mike." This will be interesting.

"Wheeler?" Steve sounded surprised, "How are you? Is everything OK?"

"I'm fine, really," Mike reassured Steve, "my classes were canceled today. I tried to call the cabin, but no one answered. Do you know where El is?"

Steve laughed, "Aww, what's the matter, Wheeler? Do you miss your sweet princess? Steve began to make kissing sounds.

"Knock it off! Where is she?" Mike was frustrated.

Steve's tone turned serious, "Hopper's dad got really sick, so he took El with him down to Terre Haute for the weekend, to see him. If all goes well, they will be back Monday."

"I'm sorry to hear that. If they call the station, can you tell El that I called, please?"

"Sure, kid. No problem. Listen, Flo's back from the bakery and I gotta get back on my route. We'll talk soon."

"Wait," Mike laughed, "Flo brought you baked goods?"

"Don't tell Hopper," Steve whispered, "he's the only one that's on a diet."

"Oh, I won't," Mike said. Both laughed and said their goodbyes.

Mike hung up the phone and went to put his books away. A few minutes later, the phone rang. Mike was startled by the sudden call and cautiously picked up the phone. Maybe it was El, he thought.

"Hello?" Mike answered.

"Hey, Mike," said the familiar baritone voice.

"Will!" Mike's heart practically leaped out of his chest. "Aren't you supposed to be in class?"

"Aren't you?" Will responded.

"Touche," Mike said, "my classes were canceled."

"Lucky you. I was at the art studio, working on my project. Everyone else left for Fall Break."

Mike's heart began to palpitate, "Where's Dustin?"

"He went camping with some of his Biology friends. So, I'm all alone."

"Me too. Alex went home and won't be back until Tuesday."

"Are you going home?" Will wait anxiously.

"No..." Mike replied softly.

Both were quiet for a moment, until Will suddenly spoke up.

"There's a bus that leaves in an hour," Will whispered, "if I catch it, I can be at your dorm by tonight."

If Mike's heart was about to explode. He really wanted to see Will, desperately. Here was the olive branch and Mike was not going to pass it up.

"Sure, you can come visit. Are you sure it's not too much trouble?" Mike asked.

"It's no trouble. Besides, I really want to see you," Will lowered his voice.

"OK," Mike's croaked, "when you arrive into town, get a taxi. But call me first, so I know you are on the way."

"OK. See you soon, Paladin," Will's voice remained low and husky. Will ended the call; *you're in control*, Will reminded himself as he packed a bag for the long weekend.

Mike began to sweat profusely. *Relax*, he breathed slowly, *you have all day to get ready*. He glanced at his watch again, and noticed it wasn't even 10:00 AM. Given the fact Will had almost a nine-hour bus ride, Mike would be calm and collected for Will's arrival, or so he hoped. Mike decided he would hit the gym first, to let out some of his anxiety, followed by a nice long shower, and a trip to the video store, to get Will's favorite movies.

Back in Indiana, Will bought a bus ticket and boarded the bus to South Carolina. As the bus began to descend on its long journey, Will closed his eyes and began to daydream about Mike. He was certain that they would hang out like old times, however uncertain of their... other activities. Will hoped that they would at least make out, to pick up where they left off. But what if Mike didn't want to? What is this visit would be strictly platonic? Will thought about Mike every night at the dorm, imagining his long arms wrapped around Will's neck, smothering him with hot and passionate kisses. With Dustin out of the dorm most nights, Will found it easy to relieve sexual tension amongst himself...every time he thought about Mike being dominant and Will would easily submit to their forbidden desires. Will hoped that one day, his sexual fantasies about Mike would come true. The thought jolted Will out of his lustful daydream; what if tonight's the night? If not tonight, then this weekend? He decided to nap on the bus ride there, as he wanted to be ready for Mike, just in case.

After Mike's vigorous workout (in an empty gym no less), Mike returned to the dorm for a nice, long, shower. Mike had pushed the weights hard, grunting loudly at each thrust, and had produced more sweat that could fill up an Olympic-size swimming pool. He couldn't stop thinking about Will coming to see him and it was driving him crazy with excitement. Mike entered the dorm bathroom, that he shared with his hall mates. All the shower stalls were empty, he noticed, *Geez, did everyone leave this weekend?* He turned on the shower and got it nice and hot. Mike sighed heavily under the running water, which soothed his aching muscles. Though his muscles responded nicely to the water, his aching arousal still lingered.

The thought of Will, his soft features and roaming hands, filled Mike's head. Will was on his way...at this moment. Mike washed his hair, trying not to get excited. When he went to wash his body, his throbbing manhood begged for release. Mike became sensitive with arousal as his washcloth got closer to it. As he began to wash it, he started stroking, slow yet firmly. He pictured Will, laying underneath him in his bed, hands roaming up Mike's back, Mike nibbling on his neck making his claim on him. Mike's washcloth went faster, chest heaving, his eyes shut as he continued to picture Will. Mike bit his lower lip, trying not to moan out loud. His back hit the tile wall, as he needed to anchor himself from the amount of pleasure. Mike desperately wanted to have his way with Will, to throw him against his bed and devour Will's cock in his mouth. The thought of Will's submission to Mike threw him over the edge, as the soap and friction of his washcloth began to overstimulate him. Mike went faster, balled a fist to his mouth to stifle his moaning and he came all over the shower floor.

Mike leaned against the tile wall, dizzy with post-orgasm daze. He didn't realize how much he needed to relieve his tension, the proper way. He didn't realize how badly he needed Will.

Mike returned to his dorm room, after his eventful shower. He laid out some clothes that he would put on before Will's arrival. Mike laid in his bed and set his alarm. Just a quick nap, followed by a late lunch, and off to the video store. Soon after, Will would be here, and Mike couldn't wait to get him into his arms.

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 8

After a long and uneventful journey, Will's bus finally pulled into the bus station, which was only a 15-minute ride from Mike's campus. Will stretched his legs and exited the bus, making his way to a row of payphones. Will placed in a quarter and dialed Mike's dorm, letting Mike know he would on campus soon. Mike gave him the address and told him to hurry.

"I have a surprise," Mike said.

"What? Mike, you didn't ha—" Will blushed.

"I wanted to," Mike interrupted, "Please hurry. I'll be waiting outside."

Mike scrambled to get everything in place. After his nap, which was longer than expected, he spent the rest of the day cleaning his dorm room, stocking up on some snacks and video rentals, and hiding the dirty clothes hamper. He figured he would let Will sleep in his bed, and Mike would take Alex's bed. *Maybe he'll want to share*, Mike's heart beat accelerated. After he triple checked everything, for Will's arrival, he went outside his dorm building and waited on one of the benches. In the evenings, for safety purposes, the main doors to the building locked from the outside, so Mike would have to let Will in. Mike fiddled with his dorm key, anxiously waiting for Will to show up.

Will got a taxi and rode to Mike's dorm building. As the taxi drove down the main road on campus, Will's eyes lit up at the side of the campus buildings. Although it was dark outside, the street lights illuminated the buildings and walkways. Will hoped and prayed that Clemson would accept his transfer request, as he was in love with the campus, amongst other things.

The taxi made its turn around the semi-circle driveway of Mike's dorm building. Will saw Mike, sitting on the bench, jiggling his knee, only to stand suddenly when he noticed the taxi. It pulled up right in front of the main door, and as Will exited, both him and Mike locked eyes in a longing stare. Mike swallowed hard, his heart beating so

fast he wondered if he would pass out. There stood Will, with his soft features, and a new haircut. His once signature bowl cut had been transformed into a side swept hairstyle. The new look brought out Will's eyes, and his face appeared softer in the illuminating street lights.

Will noticed Mike's body had completely changed. Mike was more toned and filled out. His body looked stronger, his facial features sharper, but he still had that moppy head of midnight curls, dangling in his face. Will would spend countless moments swooning over Mike's hair, and during his visit, he planned to run his hands through it.

As the two stared at each other in a stage of pure hypnosis, it was suddenly broken by the honking of the taxi's horn.

"Hey buddy! You gonna pay me or what?" the driver yelled. Will fumbled to reach for his wallet and handed the driver a few bills, while Mike reached for Will's weekend bag. As the taxi pulled away, Will and Mike stood there for a few more seconds. Then, Will lunged forward into Mike's embrace and Mike hugged Will tightly.

"Hey, Paladin," Will mumbled in Mike's chest.

"Hey, Cleric," Mike softly replied.

Will wanted to go in for a passionate kiss but caught himself, remembering his plan: Will was in control, and if Mike wanted him, Mike would need to make the first move. As they held the long embrace, he felt Mike's newly formed muscles and began to imagine Mike's chiseled abs against his body. *Holy shit*, Will thought, *he's as hard as a rock!* Will really wanted to hook up with Mike but had to be careful not to seem so eager.

Will broke out of the hug and Mike unlocked the front door of the building, so they could go in. Once in Mike's room, Will set his bag down and looked around. Mike continued to keep his eyes locked on him. Will stopped at his desk and picked up El's sailor picture. *Shit*, Mike screamed in his head, *I forgot to put that away!*

"Um...." Will hummed out, with a look of pure shock.

"Don't ask," Mike quickly interrupted, "It was a gift from El."

"Obviously," Will whispered. Will set the picture down and his confidence level began to fall over. *Maybe this is what Mike likes*, Will held firm, *Nope...pretend that it doesn't bother you*.

Will continued to look around the room, as held his unchanged expression. However, Mike tried to silently control his breathing. He didn't want Will to see him hyperventilate.

"Anyway," Mike said an octave higher than his regular voice, which startled Will a bit.

"Anyway," Will responded, expression still unchanged.

"About that surprise," Mike exclaimed, as he pulled out a stack of video rentals.

"What?" Will got excited, "Wait, so does this mean..."

"Yep," Mike nodded, "It's Friday night, which means?"

"Benny burgers and movies!" Will rushed to Mike's desk to check out the rentals. "Wait," he stated, "there isn't a Benny's around here."

"I know," Mike responded, "so we are going to another local burger place. You'll love it, my treat. Are you hungry now?"

"Starving! But when we get back, can I take a shower? I probably smell like a dirty bus".

Mike's mind suddenly went south, as he felt a ping of arousal, "Um, sure. That's no problem".

"Thanks, Mike. Let's go!" Will went towards the door, as Mike followed, like a love-sick puppy.

Mike took Will to a local restaurant, where the burgers were twice the size of Benny's. Will and Mike ordered a lot of food: burgers with the works, fries, onion rings, soda, and two milkshakes. Will was starving from the long bus ride, while Mike was hungry due to his new high-speed metabolism. Will definitely took notice. Will decided

to flirt, but casually.

"I feel like I should have brought oil, for your stacked arms," Will said nonchalantly.

Mike almost spit out his milkshake. "O-oil?" His mind went there.

"Yeah," Will smiled, "you know, like in body building competitions?" Will knew what Mike was thinking and was enjoying watching his unease.

"Oh," Mike turned fire-engine red, desperately trying to hold his burger with trembling hands. Will noticed and continued to egg him on.

"Are you ok, Mike?"

"W-what? Oh yeah, I'm just....h-hot", Mike flustered.

"Yeah," Will took off his jacket, "it is warm for late September, not like back in Indiana".

"Yeah, it's pretty humid in the south. They say it will be humid until late October."

A few moments later, when it seemed the red was fading from Mike's cheeks, Will decided it was time to rouse up Mike again.

"This milkshake is so delicious," Will said as Mike reached for the ketchup bottle. Will then proceed to take his straw, covered in milkshake and stick it all the way in his mouth. He then proceeded to slowly pull the straw out of his mouth and lick the remaining milkshake off his lips.

"Mmmm," Will continued, "so good."

Mike watched Will and got so aroused, he dropped the ketchup bottle onto the floor. The bottle broke and ketchup spilled on the bottom of Mike's pants.

"Shit!", Mike yelled.

Will tried so hard to contain his laughter and went to help Mike. "Oh no. Your pants are ruined."

"I know," Mike tried to wipe off the ketchup, "and these are new pants. Mom's going to kill me."

Will took the opportunity, "Let's get the rest of the food to go. I'll take you pants to the bathroom with me and while I shower, they can soak in a sink of cold water. It will help get the ketchup out."

Mike's eyes widened into the size of dinner plates. *No pants, Will in the shower, no pants, Will in the shower?* "Ok, I'll get the check."

"Ok, I'm going to help clean up," Will replied. A server came over to tend to the broken ketchup bottle while Will bent down, to help wipe the ketchup off the seat. Mike went to the register to pay the bill and when he turned around, his eyes were directed to Will's rear. Mike stared at Will's tight jeaned ass, drooling as he wanted to devour him. They had to get back to the dorm...fast.

With the to-go boxes in hand, Mike and Will made it back to the dorm. As Mike placed the leftover food in the mini-fridge, Will grabbed his toiletry bag and one of Mike's towels.

"Mike, I need your pants," Will said.

Mike hesitated, as he was still wearing the soiled garment. "N-now?" he asked.

"Yes," Will answered, "I'm going to take a shower and we need to get the stain out."

Mike stood there, staring at Will, conflicted with arousal. Mike knew if he took off his pants, Will would see Mike's hard cock, bulging through his boxers. Mike had no time to calm down his arousal.

Taking advantage of the situation, Will moved slowly closer towards Mike. "Do you want me to turn around?"

"No," Mike responded quickly and sharply. Will stood there, unmoved. However, Will was silently celebrating his victory, in his head. Mike was one step closer to taking Will to bed with him.

Mike began to unbuckle his belt, slowly. Will continued to watch Mike's movements, as he covered his own bulging cock with his towel. Mike let his belt fall to the floor and began to pull down his pants. As his pants fell to his ankles, he stepped out of them, not bothering to hide his arousal. Mike had been hard all evening and there was no denying it now. Mike locked eyes with Will's, staring at him with that same look of need he had a few months ago, back in the basement. Will wanted to pounce on Mike, but he was going to go a step further, to make Mike wait a little bit longer.

Will picked up the pants off the floor, as Mike continued to stand there with tented boxers. Will then leaned towards Mike. Mike swallowed hard and began to tremble. As the space between them grew smaller, Will's head shifted to the right and whispered in Mike's ear, "Be right back". Will then slowly moved away from Mike, gave him a flirtatious smile, and headed to the bathroom. As he walked down the hall to the bathroom, Will smiled wide. He was having fun teasing Mike, more confident that it would lead to his fantasy: dominant Mike. Will wanted Mike to slide those newly acquired muscles all over his body, by the end of the weekend.

Will made it to the bathroom, only to find it empty. He started a sink of cold water and placed the pants in the full sink to soak. Will then proceeded to the shower stall, on the far end of the wall, turned on the water, and undressed while waiting for the water to warm up. As he was placing his bag on the bench, he heard the bathroom door creak open but didn't think anything of it. Will entered the hot shower with his soap and washcloth, standing underneath the heavy pressure of running water, getting rid of the stench of old bus and traveling. As he began to relax, his thoughts were interrupted.

"Will," Mike called out from the other side of the curtain, startling Will.

"Mike?" Will responded, "what are you doing?"

Mike didn't respond. Will slowly pulled open the shower curtain open, to find Mike standing there...completely naked. Will's eyes took in all of Mike, as Mike was more toned than Will imagined. Mike's eyes went dark with lust, as he took in the sight of Will's wet and naked body.

"M-mike," Will asked, "A-are you here for your pants?"

Mike shook his head.

Will already knew the answer to his next question. He turned completely forward to face Mike, offering his body to him, "What are you here for?"

Mike walked towards Will, backing Will against the tile wall. Mike closed the curtain behind them, keeping his eyes locked on Will, and cupped Will's heated erection in his hand.

"You," Mike answered.

9. Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Mike had backed Will into the tile wall, his lips ghosting over Will's neck. A combination of the running hot water and Mike's heavy breathing sent Will's sex drive into the fast lane. Mike began kissing up Will's neck, hands lightly rested on Will's torso. Will, dizzy with lust, put his arms around Mike's neck, to hold himself steady.

"Is this what you want?" Will whispered in Mike's ear.

"Yes," Mike answered, continuing to kiss at Will's neck.

"How bad do you want it?" Will lowered his voice.

Mike's head came up to face Will, hands still resting on Will. Mike snaked his arms further around Will's torso, and pulled him in closer, "Bad," he answered Will.

Mike's eyes were dark with lust as he stared at Will. Mike was waiting for Will to give him permission to ravage him. Will stared at Mike a few moments longer, making him wait, arms still wrapped around each other.

Will gave Mike a sly grin and said, "OK."

Not a half a second after Will's response, Mike surged forward, roughly kissing Will's lips like there was no tomorrow. Will returned the kiss with heated passion, both wrestling their tongues together for dominance. Mike pressed Will's body further into the wall, his back red as the hot shower continued to pour upon him. Will grabbed a handful of Mike's hair and tugged with force, but not too much to hurt him. Mike gave a light moan in Will's mouth and cupped Will's erection in response. Will tilted his head back in ecstasy, his lungs desperate for air. Mike began to stroke Will's flushed and erect arousal, causing small whimpers out of Will's throat.

"Do you like that?" Mike whispered in Will's ear, and he continued to stroke Will.

"Y-yes," Will gasped.

"Do you want me to go faster?" Mike roughly asked, desperate to please Will further.

"Yes! Faster.....harder....please!" Will gasped again.

Mike picked up the pace and had a strong hold around Will's erection. He then lunged towards Will's neck and firmly bit into him.

"Oh my God, Mike!" Will moaned, "this feels amazing!"

With his teeth still clung to Will's neck, and still providing Will with the fastest hand job ever, Mike hummed in response.

Will, who was enjoying this new, kinky side of Mike, moaned louder, "Bite me harder! Please!"

Mike growled and moved his mouth to above Will's collarbone. He sunk his teeth further into Will's skin and moved his hand around the tip of Will's cock. This caused Will to squirm with overstimulation, however Mike held Will finely against the wall.

"Uh-uh," Mike growled, "You're not going anywhere. I've waited a long time for this and you are going to come for me." Mike's rough demeanor set Will's arousal over the edge. It was the dominant Mike he had fantasized. Will decided to lead him on.

"Then make me come," Will said in a low, husky voice, "what are you waiting for?"

Mike paused and looked at Will, with a face that read "Challenge Accepted". He roughly kissed Will on the mouth, then quickly crouched down to where he was eye level with Will's flushed excitement. He placed a firm grasp on it and looked up at Will, "You ready for the biggest orgasm of your life?"

Will rapidly nodded and Mike slammed Will's entire cock in his mouth. He sucked it all the way down his throat and began bobbing up and down. Will could only produce a sound that resembled a crackled scream. Tears began to fall from Will's eyes, due to the amazing sensation of Mike's mouth. As Mike began to swirl his

tongue around Will's tip, he began to stroke it faster with his hand.

"Mike," Will choked out, "I'm gonna come...I'm...aaahhh" Will couldn't finish his sentence as he released into Mike's mouth. Mike sucked out every drop of Will's orgasm, down his throat. Once finished, Will started collapsing to the floor. Mike caught him quickly, scooped up Will in his arms, and sat him on the shower stall bench. Will's eyes fluttered as Mike rubbed Will's hair away from his forehead.

"You don't want to sit on this floor, trust me," Mike joked.

Will's half lidded eyes stared at Mike, "You were right."

"About what?" Mike asked, softly.

"That was the best orgasm of my life," Will grinned at Mike. Mike grinned back at Will and took Will's lips in for a soft and gentle kiss.

"Was I too rough? Mike asked.

"No," Will responded, "I liked it a lot."

Mike smiled wide, then his cheeks turned red, "Is that...is that like your...you know...fetish?"

Will nodded. Mike continued to blush. "You like for me to take control?"

"Yes," Will answered, "is that OK?"

Mike took Will's face in his hands and kissed him again, "It's more than OK."

Once Will was no longer dizzy with lust, he grabbed Mike's crotch, which caused Mike to lightly gasp.

"Do you think I can top what you just did?" Will winked at Mike.

Mike's eyes went dark again, "Not here. Turn the shower off and let's go back to my room." Will flipped the knob on the shower as Mike wrapped himself in a towel. Once Will got his towel on, Mike

grabbed Will's bag with one hand, then took his other hand and interlocked the fingers together. Mike then led Will down the hall to his dorm. Once inside, he went over to Alex's desk, picked up the pink scrunchie, and placed it on the outside doorknob.

Once the door was locked, Will tackled Mike, causing him to fall back on his bed. Will grabbed Mike's comforter and placed on their naked bodies. Will slid on top of Mike's hard and rugged new body, Mike wrapping his arms tightly around Will's body. Mike's hands were roaming all over Will's back as Will grinded his crotch against Mike's. Will was teasing Mike intensely and loving every second of it. Mike's hard erection started to get painful. He needed release desperately.

"Will," Mike moaned, "I..I need...."

"What do you need?" Will took Mike's nipple between his teeth. Mike was so engulfed in pleasure, he couldn't see straight.

"P-please make me come," Mike begged, "I don't care how."

Will stopped and looked at Mike, as he got nervous of Mike's request, "I-I haven't fully prepared for that."

Mike ran his hand through Will's hair and kissed his nose, "I know. We have plenty of time for that. Just blow me, please?"

Will stared at Mike's desperate plea. Will smirked at Mike and took the comforter over his head, to where Mike wouldn't see him. Mike tried to pull the comforter off Will, but Will held it tightly. Will was going to blow Mike, only Mike was going to feel it, not see it.

Will thrust Mike's hard erection into his mouth and went to work. Mike thrashed against his pillow, eyes rolled in the back of his head. Will continued to ravage Mike's cock orally, while stroking it fast and aggressively. Mike was overcome with arousal and he grabbed his pillow with both hands. This was only the second time he's ever received a blowjob, as his first time was with El. *This is way better than El's*, Mike suddenly realized...he didn't feel a single bit guilty.

Will picked up the pace, and Mike couldn't take much more, "Oh Will," he moaned loudly, "I-I s-so close."

Will decided to be bold. As he continued to stroke Mike, he sucked one of Mike's balls in his mouth and rolled it around with his tongue. That made Mike moan so loud, he placed his pillow over his mouth and moaned into the pillow, as he released onto his stomach. Will watched in amazement; he didn't realize that Mike would react so passionately. Mike chest heaved, gasping for air as he came down from his orgasm.

As Mike recovered, Will got up and reached for a towel. Will wiped the seed from Mike's stomach, as Mike began to calm down. Mike reached out for Will and Will crawled back in bed, into his arms. Both cuddled against each other in silence, Mike kissing the top of Will's head. Will rested his head on Mike's chest, listening to his rapid heartbeat.

"I've really missed you," Mike said softly in Will's hair.

"I've missed you more," Will sighed deeply.

"How do you know that? That you missed me more?" Mike asked.

Will looked up at Mike, with a smile, "Because I've wanted this for a long time. Long before we graduated."

Mike sighed, "I know. I feel like I haven't been fair to you."

"You have been more than fair. Your situation is much more difficult than mine."

"No, it's easier for you. You like guys, that's it. I'm torn between girls and guys."

"It's called bisexuality, Mike, and there is nothing wrong with that."

Mike sighed. He had to tell Will, he had to be honest with him. He turned towards Will and stared into his eyes.

"I have to tell you something."

Will swallowed hard, "W-what is it?"

Mike stroked Will's cheek with his hand and he felt his throat go dry.

"The day I moved in," Mike began, "El kicked our parents out of my dorm and gave me a surprise blowjob."

Will blinked and stared at Mike. Mike looked like he was about to cry. Will felt uneasy and a bit upset. However, he couldn't be upset with Mike. It was Will's idea to give Mike time to sort things out and they weren't dating. Technically, Mike was still with El.

"Did you go along with it?" Will asked nervously.

Mike swallowed hard again and nodded.

Will was hesitating to ask the next question, but he had to ask. He needed to know for his own sanity.

"Did you enjoy it? El's blowjob?"

Mike turned over onto Will, staring deep into Will. A stray tear ran down Mike's face, and Will brushed it away.

Mike cupped Will's cheek and answered his question.

"No," Mike whispered, "I didn't."

10. Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Mike awoke the next morning, with the mid-morning sun peeking through his blinds. He looked down to find himself spooning a bare and content Will, breathing peacefully in deep slumber. Will's neck covered in hickeys, courtesy of Mike. A feeling of pure joy grew in Mike's chest, as he recalled their overnight activities. After Mike's tearful confession regarding El and Mike's naughty encounter, Will comforted Mike with soothing back rubs and deep kisses. Both held each other, all night, making out and shedding some tears, overcome with some joy and relief. For the first time in months, Mike felt no tension and there wasn't a single feeling of guilt in his entire body. This is what Mike wanted, alone time with Will, free from outside judgment and conflicted feelings.

Mike continued to watch Will sleep, brushing his sternum gently with his fingers. How Mike adored Will's body, and how he thoroughly enjoyed pleasuring him. He suddenly realized it was Saturday morning, and he had a few more blissful and uninterrupted days with Will. Mike was going to take his time and enjoy each moment. He lifted the comforter and noticed Will was erect. That must be some dream, Mike grinned. He gently rolled over onto Will and dropped down to his cock. Mike pulled the blanket over his head, copying Will's playful surprise from the night before. Let's see how he likes it, Mike took Will into his mouth and began sucking slowly.

Will began to stir, his eyes fluttered open. "M-mike?" He mumbled.

"Shh," Mike briefly took Will out of his mouth, "just relax and enjoy," he said softly, then he resumed back to pleasuring Will.

Will nodded and put his head back on the pillow, eyes closed and enjoying the moment. Mike took his time, massaging Will's morning arousal. Will breathed heavily, his throat went dry, and heart racing. The rays of sunlight glowing on Will's face, the warmth of Mike's mouth, the moment that both of them dreamed. Mike was extremely hard, but his painful erection could wait, for all he cared about was pleasing Will.

p align="justify"Mike began pulling Will down his throat, tightening his mouth to where his cheeks began to hollow. Will whimpered and tugged at Mike's hair, which was like a switch to Mike's arousal. The more Will tugged, the faster Mike stroked. Will's whimpers turned into louder moans, his vision began to white out and his body began to twitch as he exploded down Mike's throat, Mike humming in delight as he drank all of Will's release./p

p align="justify"As Will was coming down from his orgasm, Mike crawled up Will and began kissing his neck, eventually placing a soft kiss on Will's lips./p

p align="justify""Well, good morning," Will sighed./p

p align="justify""Good morning," Mike responded, laying on Will, staring into him contently./p

p align="justify"Will smiled at Mike's wild and bed-headed curls, all tousled from their late-night activities. He looked down at Mike's massive erection, realizing it was his turn. Will's eyes lit up with an idea./p

p align="justify""What?" Mike took notice and laughed./p

p align="justify""Someone's happy..." Will eyeing Mike's cock./p

p align="justify"Mike blushed and bit his bottom lip while grinning, "Yeah," he grinned into Will, "what should we do about that?"/p

p align="justify"Will stared at him firmly, ready to take control, "Straddle me," he said./p

p align="justify"Mike looked confused, not expecting Will's dominance, "Uh...w-what?" Mike responded./p

p align="justify""You heard me. Straddle me."/p

p align="justify"Mike hesitated and bit his lower lip, then he climbed on top of Will's lower abdomen, with one leg in each side, "O-OK," Mike said./p

p align="justify"Will continued to stare up at Mike, then his voice went low, "I want you to play with yourself and come all over my chest."/p

p align="justify"Mike's pupils dilated, and his mouth gaped open. Will laid back down on his back and kept his eyes locked on Mike, arching one eyebrow and folding his arms behind his head. Mike looked down at Will, suddenly more aroused by Will's command and began stroking himself. He was nervous at first, but the sensitive pleasure kicked in a few seconds later and his eyes began to roll to the back of his head./p

p align="justify""Nope," Will spoke up, "keep your eyes open and

look at me." Will grabbed Mike's thighs and held them. Mike locked his gaze on Will and stroked faster. The thought of Will watching him masturbate was something he never dreamed and Will taking control instantly spread fire in his gut. Will continued his lustful stare and Mike swallowed hard, his eyes dark and looking like he could pounce on Will at any moment./p

p align="justify""Do you like it when I watch you play with yourself?" Will asked low and husky./p

p align="justify""Y-yes," Mike whispered./p

p align="justify""Did you like blowing me this morning?"/p

p align="justify""Oh yes." Mike stroked harder./p

p align="justify""Did you miss me? Did you think about me while you were all alone in your bed?"/p

p align="justify""Every night," Mike moaned./p

p align="justify""You're so hot," Will continued, "You should see yourself, your hair all messed up. Your hot, rugged body on top of mine. You are so bad."/p

p align="justify""I've been very bad," Mike whispered again./p

p align="justify""I bet you want more, don't you?"/p

p align="justify""I want more," Mike replied, gasping for air./p

p align="justify""What do you want, Mike?"/p

p align="justify""I want you, baby."/p

p align="justify""Will looked surprised at Mike's pet name. "Baby?" Will smirked./p

p align="justify""Yes...y-your...my...ahhh," Mike was getting close, Will could tell. Mike continued to keep his stare locked on Will and he began to sweat, on the brink of coming./p

p align="justify""What do you want to do?" Will lead him on./p

p align="justify""I-I want t-o...gaaaah be inside you," Mike gasped./p

p align="justify""Will was getting hot, "And how would you do it?"/p

p align="justify""Mike picked up more speed, "I'd turn you over and pound your ass raw."/p

p align="justify""*Would you stroke me?"/p

p align="justify""Yes!" Mike moaned. He was about to reach his peak./p

p align="justify""Come on, baby," Will patted his chest lightly, "come all over me. Make me your dirty slut."/p

p align="justify""That did it for Mike, Will's dirty talk threw him over the orgasmic cliff. Mike moaned loudly as he came all over Will, shooting as far up as Will's shoulder. Mike rode out his orgasm,

before collapsing on Will's sticky torso. Will chuckled a small laugh./p

p align="justify""What?" Mike heaved and gasped into Will's chest./p

p align="justify""Whose dirty now?" Will laughed. Mike sat up, looked down at his own torso and both busted out laughing, as they were both covered in Mike's seed. Will sat up and kissed Mike, Mike returning the favor by grabbing a discarded towel and cleaning up Will./p

p align="justify""Dirty slut?" Mike smirked./p

p align="justify""I don't know, it just came to me. It worked though," Will gesturing his hands at his abdomen./p

p align="justify""You're my dirty slut," Mike smirked./p

p align="justify""Good," Will kissed Mike again./p

p align="justify""Good," Mike said softly into Will's mouth. Mike stood up and picked up his shower caddy and two towels. "Today is all about you," Mike continued, "I'm going to bathe you."/p

p align="justify"Will let out a small laugh and threw on some shorts, "Ok. Maybe if you treat me really good, I'll return the favor."/p

p align="justify"Mike's whole body began to blush red, "I hope so," he responded, and both headed to the showers./p

p align="justify" /p

p align="justify"Both took their time in the shower, Mike started by massaging Will's back and shoulders with soap, under the hot running water. He also massaged shampoo into Will's scalp, causing deep sighs to come out of Will's mouth. Will was in a deep trance under Mike's hands. Mike then stood behind Will and wrapped his arms around Will's waist, placing light kisses towards the back of Will's neck./p

p align="justify""I think I may have bit you too hard," Mike said, gently rubbing the largest of the two hickeys with his thumb./p

p align="justify""No, you didn't," Will replied, "I'm OK."/p

p align="justify""Are you sure? I don't want to hurt you."/p

p align="justify"Will turned around and wrapped his arms around Mike's neck, "You could never hurt me." Both shared an intimate kiss and held on to each other for a few minutes. Mike didn't want to let go, feeling complete happiness. Will felt the same way./p

p align="justify"After they showered and dressed, Mike took Will for a tour around campus. Mike took Will's hand into his own as they walked, sneaking glances at Will's awe over the campus buildings. Will and Mike were glowing, like two newlyweds on their

honeymoon. They eventually found a bench to sit down, near the empty soccer field. As they sat down, Mike placed his arm around Will./p

p align="justify""I have felt this happy in quite some time," Will said./p

p align="justify""Me too," Mike said, "it's like the flood gates have opened. I feel like the huge boulder of tension has been lifted away."/p

p

p align="justify"Will's smile suddenly was interrupted by his original fear, about Mike and El. Even though Mike had confessed he did not enjoy El's token of affection, Will was worried that Mike and him were moving too fast. Will began to stare off into space./p

p align="justify""Hey," Mike squeezed Will's shoulder, "what is it?"/p

p align="justify"Will felt a lump in his throat, "I am so happy being with you. Last night and this morning were amazing. But, I'm so afraid that El will interfere. These feelings we have, this "honeymoon phase", you had the same initial feelings when you and El began dating. I remember, as I was a primary witness to those mushy romantic moments. You haven't ended things with her. What if you get tired of this and stick it out with her?"/p

p align="justify"Mike stared out at the soccer field, with a pensive look, his dark curls blowing in the breeze. He had been thinking about El, but not the romantic moments. His mind went back to the past few weeks, how clingy she became and how she came on to him so strongly. Only, he didn't feel the same way in return. In that moment, sitting there with Will, his scattered emotions began to sew themselves back together. Mike began to realize that even though he still cared for El, his romantic feelings for her were diminishing. He wanted love, not convenience. He wanted comfort, not tension. Most of all, he wanted trust, not distrust. El calling him non-stop meant their trust level was out of whack. She didn't trust him, and she had every reason not to. El deserved better than Mike. Will was different, he trusted Mike's motives and never once scolded Mike for his feelings with El. When Mike tearfully confessed to Will about El coming on to him, Will consoled him and showed his support./p

p align="justify"Mike turned to Will and kissed him with passion. He then took Will's hands into his own./p

p align="justify""I'm breaking up with El," Mike said softly, "I don't love her, and I don't think I have for a long time. I think I had love in my heart, but it was meant for someone else."/p

p align="justify"Will began to shed tears, which caused Mike to cry as well. They both clung to each other, making out on the bench, not a single soul around them. It was as if the earth's population had disappeared, leaving the two alone together./p

p align="justify""I'm sorry it took me so long to realize it," Mike sobbed, holding Wills face in his hands./p

p align="justify""It's OK, Mike," Will sniffed, "let's just enjoy the moment." They continued their passionate kisses with feverish excitement. This went on for about a half an hour, when they both got hungry for food. Mike took Will out to lunch at a local deli. Both ate in silence, often gazing at one another, across the booth, with sexual tension./p

p align="justify"Will broke the silence, "You can't do it over the phone."/p

p align="justify""What?" Mike said with his mouth full./p

p align="justify""Break up with El," Will said, "you have to do it in person. It's the polite thing to do."/p

p align="justify""I know," Mike sighed, *but the next time I'll be home is Thanksgiving."/p

p align="justify"*Do it then," Will said./p

p align="justify""What?!"/p

p align="justify""You heard me. When we go home for Thanksgiving, sit her down and tell her it's over."/p

p align="justify""That's almost two months away! You want me to lead her on until then?"/p

p align="justify""It's not like she'll visit."/p

p align="justify""You don't know that."/p

p align="justify""Oh, come on. You think Hopper's going to let El ride on a bus by herself for nine hours?"/p

p align="justify""True," Mike chewed on the tip of his soda straw, "so what about the phone calls?"/p

p align="justify"Will took a moment to think, "Just continue your phone calls with her, but its up to you how frequent you are willing to accept her calls. Who knows, maybe she'll take a hint.'/p

p align="justify""She's not that good at taking hints."/p

p align="justify""Well, whatever you want to do," Will continued to his bag of chips. Mike took Will's hand suddenly./p

p align="justify""Do you know what I want to do?" Mike asked./p

p align="justify"Will smirked and playfully shook his head, although he had a feeling of Mike's idea./p

p align="justify""I want to prepare you," Mike whispered./p
p align="justify"Will about dropped his sandwich. He looked at Mike in shock, as he was not anticipating this moment so soon, "A-are you sure?"/p
p align="justify"Mike nodded, "If it's too fast for you, let me know and we will slow down. I've waited a long time for you and if you need more time, I'm not going anywhere."/p
p align="justify"Will squeezed Mike's hand, tempted to kiss him in public. Mike wiggled his eyebrows, which Will laughed at, suddenly aroused, yet slightly embarrassed./p
p align="justify""OK," Will said, "but we will need a few things."/p

11. Chapter 11

I've mostly been active on A03 and almost forgot about this account! LOL! This story is up to date on AO3, if you want to read all the chapters so far.

Disclaimer: I do not own Strangers Things, nor endorse it or any affiliates in this story

Chapter 11

Mike's cheeks burned like fire, as he and Will stood in the Family Planning aisle at a local drug store. Obviously, they weren't planning a family, although Will once had a dream about him and Mike married with two daughters and a white picket fence. But, it was the only aisle that carried the condoms. Will was calm and collected about their shopping excursion, holding one box of condoms in each hand trying to figure out which ones would fit Mike. Meanwhile, Mike was attempting to hold down his nerves. His legs were jittery and if he shoved his hands further down his pockets, he would eventually rip holes. How is Will so calm? Mike wondered. Mike had never done this before: choosing and buying condoms.

Will leaned over and whispered, "I think you'll be better off with the larger size." Will gave him a wink and went to grab a bottle of lube.

Will's comment did nothing to extinguish the fire rising in Mike's face. If anything, it just made it worse. Mike felt so overcome by nervousness, he felt as if he would faint. However, Will's comment about Mike's size boosted his confidence. Will was pleased with Mike's size, which means he enjoyed Mike's foreplay. Will took the items and walked to the back register. As he was laying down the items, Mike placed a large bag of chocolate candies on the counter.

"You just ate!" Will laughed.

"I know," Mike smiled, "but I have a feeling we're going to be hungry later."

Will's face went redder than the blood donation sign in the corner.

Both Mike and Will stared at the middle aged cashier, who had her eyes set on the items : condoms, lube, and chocolate. Her eyes slowly moved up towards Will and Mike, who both shared flushed expressions. She pursed her lips into a devilish grin and held out her hand for payment. Will gave the cashier a few bills and she began placing the items in a brown paper bag, instead of a plastic bag. Will's chest heaved a small sigh of relief, as he wanted to keep the items discreet. As she handed the bag to Will, she winked and said, "Have a nice day."

Will and Mike smiled back and hurried out of the store. As they walked back towards the dorm, Mike let out a huge sigh.

"That was...awkward?" Mike squeaked.

"Hey, at least we're not doing this in Hawkins," Will responded.

Both settled back in Mike's dorm room, spending most of the afternoon watching movie rentals, making out, and cuddling in Mike's bed. During one of the movies, Will fell asleep with his head on Mike's chest. Mike cradled him and kissed the top of Will's head, before drifting off into his afternoon nap. Mike felt like he could finally relax, with Will resting next to him and he didn't want this moment to end.

As Mike drifted off to sleep, he began to dream their future together. Mike coming home to Will, after a long day at work, sharing sweet kisses and glasses of wine before dinner, watching primetime sitcoms before snuggling contently in their master bedroom. Suddenly, the dream turned south, as El then appeared in their doorway, staring at Will and Mike cuddling, with tears and mascara running down her face. She then let out a deafening scream and the room began to shake, which jolted Mike out of his slumber.

Will felt Mike's body flinch, which startled him awake as well. He could feel Mike's heart thumping rapidly in his ribcage.

"What's wrong?" Will looked up at Mike.

Mike took a deep breath and stared at the tv, which was still playing the unwatched movie. It was just a dream, he reminded himself. He

looked down at Will, into those doe like eyes, and kissed his forehead.

"Nothing," Mike said softly, "just a dream." He pulled Will in for a tighter embrace.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Will asked.

Mike was nervous, as he feared Will would judge him. But, he needed to be honest with Will.

"I had a dream about you and I. It was a good dream, then El interrupted us having a moment together."

Will rolled over more, to face Mike, "Are you having second thoughts, about ending things with her?"

"No," Mike answered quickly, "I just feel guilty. Also, I'm worried about how she'll react."

"Do you think she'll have Hopper come after you?" Will chuckled.

Mike face went pale, he didn't even consider what Hopper would do to him. When Mike and El began dating, Hopper made sure Mike was in line. Every time El and Mike went to hug, kiss, or cuddle, Hopper would either loudly interrupt or literally yank Mike by the arm, pulling him away from El. Plus, Hopper had a gun...and Mike remembered Hopper's Viking-style strength with an ax to those trees. On the other hand, El was an adult now, and she would need to consider this a life experience. Surely she would understand, from all of those soap operas she loves to watch, that most relationships don't last forever.

Yeah that's a definite no, Mike gulped, I'm a dead man.

"I'll cross that bridge when we get there," Mike responded.

"If Hop or El don't set it on fire first," Will laughed.

Mike went to tickle Will's sides, both of them wrestling each other in laughter. As the giggles began to slow down, Mike cupped Will's cheek and brought him in for a slow and deep kiss. Will kissed him

back, running his hands under the hem of Mike's shirt. Mike began to grind against Will, his hips rough against Will's jeans. Will reached behind Mike and grabbed his butt firmly with both hands. Will's grip signaled a switch in Mike's brain, causing Mike to dry hump Will faster. Mike's mouth ventured to Will's neck, planting a trail of sloppy and passionate kisses. Mike felt the pressure of arousal building up, but he wasn't ready to come, he wanted more of Will. Mike broke away and removed his shirt in one swift motion, his eyes hungry for lust. Will removed his own shirt and proceeded to pull Mike back down, and Mike continued to grind into Will. Mike bit into Will's neck to avoid coming too soon and Will responded with soft moans. Will gently tugged at Mike's hair, which turned Mike on more.

"You are so fucking hot," Mike growled into Will's neck.

Will gasped, "You have no idea how bad I wanted this."

"Yeah?" Mike continued to ravage Will's neck.

"Oh yeah," Will responded, "I've dreamt of this day for so long. Your chiseled body is so hot running over mine!"

"You like my body?" Mike teased.

"Yes!" Will wait breathlessly.

"You like these too?" Mike guided Will's hands to his developing six-pack abs.

"God, yes!"

"What about..." Mike then lowered Will's hands to his jean covered crotch. Will didn't answer Mike verbally but responded by ripping Mike's belt off and unzipping his jeans. Both then scrambled out of their jeans, leaving them only in boxers. The heat of their passion continued to rise, and Mike could no longer take it. He reached into Will's boxers, pulled out his cock, and forcefully shoved it all the way in his mouth.

"Mike!" Will moaned in surprise, "O-oh...m-my.....oh my..."

Mike bobbed faster, stroking the life out of Will's flushed erection, as

if he was pumping a well for water. Only he wasn't thirsty for water, he was thirsty for Will. As Mike focused on getting Will to come, Will's eyes were squeezed shut in ecstasy, his back arched and his hands returning to Mike's hair. Will tugged the ebony curls harder, causing Mike to moan in Will's cock. Mike's hands and tongue doubled the speed, and Will exploded in Mike's mouth, with short bursts shooting into Mike's throat. Mike continued until he was sure he swallowed all of Will's lust. Mike then slid up Will's panting body, his own erection pressing into Will.

"Wow," Will panted.

"Yeah," Mike smirked.

Mike allowed Will to gain his composure, before he gave Will a gentle kiss. Will noticed Mike was still erect.

"Mike," Will said, "I wanna try something."

"What do you want to do?" Mike whispered in his ear.

"Well, you mentioned how you wanted to prepare me. But, I really want to prepare you, too," Will whispered back, tugging at Mike's earlobe with his teeth. Will began to flick his tongue up and down Mike's ear, which caused Mike to gasp and moan lightly. All of this was new to Mike, and he realized that trying new things were working in his favor.

"O-ok," Mike said, "What do I need to do?"

"Lie back," Will instructed, "and relax. I got you."

Mike rolled on his back, as Will slid on top of him, embracing Mike in passionate kisses. Will slipped his tongue in Mike's mouth and Mike tightly grasped Will's hips. Will trailed kisses down Mike's neck, chest, and abs. When he reached his destination, he spread Mike's legs and grabbed the bottle of lube.

"If it becomes too painful, let me know and I'll stop," Will said as he coated his fingers with lube.

"Ok," Mike whispered as he stared straight at the ceiling.

Will began to add more lube to his hands and gently rubbed Mike's entranced. The surprise cold from the lube startled Mike and he twitch. Will laughed as he rubbed his hands to warm up the lube. Mike began to feel the transition from cold to warm and felt at ease.

"Ready?" Will asked.

"Ready," Mike responded.

Mike began to feel Will's gentle fingered attempt to work their way into Mike. Mike felt tight and was having some difficulty.

"Mike, you need to relax."

"I'm trying."

"Don't be nervous, I'm right here." Will began to kiss Mike again, to soothe his nerves. It seemed to work, as he felt Mike relax and open up. Will continued to work his finger in, listening to Mike for cues. Mike began to breathe heavily, and his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

"More," Mike gasped.

Will added another finger and continued to work into Mike. Mike's reaction was one of enjoyment, as he started to feel a type of arousal that he never felt before. It was bliss, and Mike's toes curled up.

"More," Mike begged, "and faster, please?"

Will had 3 fingers in and moved his hand rapidly. As he began to massage Mike's prostate with full force, Mike made low moaning sounds that Will was surprised to hear. Mike tilted his head back and gritted his teeth. Will decided to throw Mike over the edge. Will took his other hand and wrapped it around Mike's length, pumping it as fast as his other hand was moving. Mike began to sweat, and his moans got higher and louder. He grabbed the bedsheets to hold on.

"Will! I...oh....keep going! Keep....ahh.....Will!"

Will pumped faster at the sound of Mike moaning his name. Mike's moan turned into a throaty scream as Mike came all over his

abdomen. Mike arched his back as he came, only to crash down a few moments later. Will removed his hand from Mike's entrance and grabbed a discarded towel, to clean Mike up. Mike laid there, attempting to suck air back in his lungs, covered in sweat and flushed red all over. After Will cleaned him up, he laid on his side, facing Mike. Mike looked over at Will, his curls plastered to his forehead, a slow smile crept up on his face.

"That...was...unbelievable," Mike said.

"Yeah?" Will smiled.

"Oh yeah," Mike breathed, "you can do that to me anytime."

Both held each other in their arms and cuddled. Mike felt warm and tingly all over and not just from the orgasm. For the first time in a long time, Mike felt his feelings for Will were validated. Mike was in completely and hopelessly in love with Will.

The weekend passed on and before they knew it, it was Tuesday, and Will had to return to Indiana. Mike and Will spent the remaining two days of their visit together either taking long walks around the campus, watching movies, or fooling around in Mike's bed. Both had decided to hold off on sex, as both were not ready yet, and Mike wanted to end things with El first. Will agreed it would be worth the wait and he didn't want to complicate matters further.

Will's bus left early, and Mike had wanted to ride with him to the bus stop, but Will protested, stating it was too much money for two taxi trips. Will called for a taxi to pick him up at Mike's dorm and as both waited outside, Mike tried to hold back from crying.

"I don't want you to leave," Mike said.

"I know, I don't either," Will said softly. Will grabbed Mike's hand and laced their fingers together. He noticed a stray tear fall from Mike's left eye and he went to brush it off.

"When did you become so sensitive?" Will grinned.

"I've always had a soft side," Mike responded.

"Yeah, but it never shows."

"Does it have to all the time?"

"No, but I think it's sweet."

Mike turned to Will and took both hands, "It's just that I will miss you, Will. I won't see you until Thanksgiving, and it's going to be shit show with El."

"We will make the best of it," Will squeezed Mike's hand, "Besides, I'm hoping by then, we will hear about my transfer request."

Mike kissed Will gently, "I would love nothing more than to have you here with me."

Just then, the taxi pulled up. Mike helped Will with his bag and opened Will's door. Will slid in to the back seat and looked back up at Mike.

"I'll call you when I get there," Will said.

"Ok," Mike kissed Will one more time before closing the door, "see ya Cleric."

"See ya, Paladin." Will said through the open window, as the taxi drove away.

Mike stood there, watching the taxi drive away, just like when he watched Will and Dustin leave for college. Mike continued to stand there for a while longer, tears streaming down his face.

12. Chapter 12

Chapter 12

On the bus ride back to Indiana, Will was depressed. He didn't want to leave Mike, but classes would resume the next day, and both had to stay focused. Will was desperately hoping he would hear about his transfer request soon; being away from Mike was nearly killing him. Trying to sleep on the ride back wasn't going to happen, as his stomach had turned to knots. He bundled up in Mike's hoodie, inhaling Mike's scent to ease the pain. Will tried to fight the lump in his throat and ended up with a few tears rolling down his face. Will had to get distracted and pulled out his sketchpad and pencils. He figured drawing would ease his lonely heart.

Later, his bus arrived back in Indiana, and as he was putting his sketchbook away, he realized what he had drawn...or *who* he had drawn. Staring up back at Will was his sketch of Mike's gentle eyes and sharp cheekbones. His curls laying softly over his forehead and lips slightly swollen. The sketch of Mike seemed to be hypnotizing, begging Will to return. As the sound of the bus door startled his trance, Will exited the bus, got into the first taxi and made his way back to his own dorm. Will yawned and rubbed his eyes, it was getting late and he was physically and mentally exhausted. The "fun" activities wore him out, he could only imagine how Mike was feeling.

Will arrived at the dorm and walked down the hall to his door. With his heart full of joy and exhaustion setting in, all he wanted to do was collapse on his own bed, not minding falling asleep in his clothes. But as soon as he put his key in the door, he could hear Dustin moving around. As he opened the door, Dustin gave him a huge hug.

*Will!" Dustin exclaimed and noticed Will's bag, "Where did you go this weekend?"

Will hesitated as he placed his bag on the ground, "Oh I uh...went home..."

"Aww! I miss Hawkins!" Dustin replied.

"Yeah," Will said "I do...I mean...I did too," he caught himself and attempted to change the subject, "How was the camping trip?"

"Dude, it was insane," Dustin smiled.

"Really? What happened?" Will began to unpack his bag.

"Well," Dustin began, "Paul wanted to see how flammable a plastic bag was compared to a soda can. So he took both items and set them on fire. But he forgot that he was holding them both, so the flames began to crawl down his arms and th-OH MY GOD WHAT ARE THOSE?"

Will was startled by Dustin's sudden shouting, but before he could turn around and respond, Dustin had crossed the room in a flat second. Dustin then yanked down the collar of Will's shirt, gasping and grinning excitedly.

Will grabbed Dustin's hands and pushed them off his shirt, thinking fast for a response, "Uh...it's...poison ivy."

"Oh whatever, Byers," Dustin laughed, "we all took that nature survival course. And don't try me on the whole 'I burnt myself with a hair dryer' excuse."

"U-uh.." Will stammered, struggling to find words.

"You didn't even go home, did you?" Dustin arched an eyebrow at Will. Will looked down to the floor and sighed heavily.

"No.." Will said with the tiniest whisper.

"I KNEW IT!" Dustin shouted, " you spent the whole weekend hooking up! I'm so jealous of you. I literally throw myself at these girls and don't even get a single pillow talk."

"Is that all you ever think about?" Will asked.

"No...yes....that's not the point! The point is you got laid! I'm so proud of you, buddy!". Dustin ran to his snack drawer and took out two cupcakes, "We gotta celebrate!" Dustin threw the cupcake in his direction and Will barely missed, to stunned and nervous with

Dustin's excitement. Will wasn't sure if he was ready to discuss his weekend activities in full detail.

"So," Dustin said with a mouthful of cupcake, "is he hot?"

"Dustin!" Will shouted.

"What?" Dustin exclaimed, "I can't ask?"

"I mean...yes Dustin, I obviously find him attractive."

"I bet so, and I assume the feeling is mutual with all the love marks on your neck?"

Will didn't answer his question. Instead, his face turned red and he was trying not to grin like an idiot, "If you're asking how my weekend was, then yes, it was fun."

Dustin bounced around with excitement, causing Will to bust out laughing. Their moment was interrupted by the ringing of the dorm phone. As Will continued to unpack his bag, Dustin struggled across the room to answer it.

"Hello?"

"Hey Dustin," said a familiar voice.

"MIKE!" Dustin shouted into the receiver. Will's head popped up in a state of panic. He turned around and rushed towards Dustin.

"You will never guess what happened," Dustin continued, "Will just walked through the door and he—MMPHHMMPHMM!" Will tackled Dustin to the ground and held his hand over Dustin's mouth. He did not want Mike to find out from Dustin that he knew about the antics of Will's weekend.

"Hello?" Mike's voice continued through the receiver. Will picked it up, while continuing to hold Dustin down.

"Hey Mike, it's Will."

"Will, what's going on? I was calling to make sure you made it back

ok."

"Yeah, I did. Sorry, Dustin and I are....wrestling."

"MMMMPHH!" Dustin screamed through Will's hand.

"Can I call you back?" Will asked, out of breath.

"Um...sure," Mike said, confused.

"Thanks, bye," Will hung up the phone and turned back to Dustin,
"Are you crazy?"

Dustin pushed Will's hand off him, "What?"

"I may not be ready to share details yet," Will argued.

"Why not? Everyone will be happy for you! Besides, you're gonna tell Mike eventually."

"How do you know?"

"Because you tell Mike everything. You always have since we were kids."

Will swallowed hard. He knew where Dustin was coming from. Dustin had been somewhat jealous of Mike and Will, since they knew each other longer. Since Lucas was with Max, Dustin began to feel lonely.

"Dustin," Will wait slowly, "you know I trust you. What I'm about to tell you is strictly confidential. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Dustin sat down, "I won't say anything."

"Can I trust that you won't think any less of me after what I am about to tell you?"

Dustin adjusted his cap with unease, "Ok."

"Ok," Will say down across from Dustin, "you're right. Mike already knows."

"I knew it," Dustin began before Will interrupted him.

"Mike knows because it was him. I was with him this weekend," Will confessed.

Dustin looked confused, "I-I'm not following...Mike's met this guy?"

"No," Will responded, "Mike is the guy."

Dustin blankly stared at Will and blinked a few times. Will's face was unmoved, as Dustin was anticipating his face to change into a joking smile, which didn't happen. Dustin slowly began to register what Will just said.

"So...." Dustin began, "you.....and Mike...."

"Yes," Will responded.

"You and Mike..." Dustin gestured his hand in a rolling motion.

"Yes, Mike and I....spent the weekend....together..."

"As in...sex?"

"Well....almost. But pretty close."

Dustin stood up and began to pace the room slowly. Will watched Dustin, waiting for him to say something. The deep look on Dustin's face worried Will. Was Dustin going to judge him or Mike? Will knew this would change dynamic within the Party.

"Ok Will," Dustin spoke up, "I do have some questions, but they are not important at this very moment. However, there is one question that is important."

Will swallowed hard, "Ok."

Dustin placed his hands on Will's shoulders, "Are you happy?"

Will felt a wave of relief wash over him, as he was worried Dustin's question would be about El.

"Yes, I am very happy." Dustin pulled him in for a long hug. Will felt

at ease that Dustin accepted his newfound joy.

"And Mike," Dustin continued, "is this what he wants?"

Will's heart melted at the thought of Mike and him together. "Yes. He told me he was ending things with El."

Dustin's face perked up and mid-gasp, Will interrupted, "You cannot say a word to anyone! It is not our place to get involved."

Dustin chuckled, "I won't say anything to anyone, not even Lucas and Max. You have my word. But, Will?"

Will stared at his friend, "Yeah?"

"You and Mike hooked up. You're already involved. Congratulations. El's gonna love it," Dustin said sarcastically.

Will didn't think he would have to deal with El, since Mike would be breaking the news. However, she would find out about them eventually.

Shit.

13. Chapter 13

Chapter 13

It was around 10 pm when Will returned Mike's call. Alex had already returned to the dorm, but decided to spend the night at June's, since her roommate stayed home an extra day. After frantic pacing, waiting for Will to call him back, Mike decided to take advantage of the extra night alone. He pulled out a spare notebook from his desk, sat on his bed, and began to write Will a letter. It wasn't going to be just any letter; he was going to express his love to Will. Even after his confession at the soccer field, Mike wanted to confess his deep and personal feelings for Will. Mike began to scribble down words, flowing out of his head like a rushing river.

By the time Will had returned his call, he had already completed the first page.

"I'm sorry it took so long to call you back," Will said. Dustin had gone to bed and Will had pulled the phone out into the hall.

"It's fine," Mike replied, "what happened?"

Will's stomach suddenly felt like a nest for bats, "Well....Dustin saw my neck."

Mike's stomach began to mimic a similar feeling, "Uh-oh."

"Yeah...." Will replied.

"D-did you tell him?"

"Mike, friends don't lie." Mike's felt faint as it became more imminent that El would find out about them.

"Should we worry?" Mike asked.

"No," Will explained, "he promised not to say anything. Besides, he is extremely happy for us."

Mike wanted so much to hug Dustin at this very moment. He felt

more comfortable that Will had Dustin as a roommate.

"Also," Will continued, "he jumped up and down like a screaming fan girl."

"I mean...it's Dustin." Mike chuckled.

"Yeah," Will laughed, "he's really something else."

They both laughed for a moment, then both became quiet.

"Mike?"

"Yeah, Will?"

"I really like you."

Mike couldn't help but smile, as he felt like tap dancing across the dorm room, "I really like you, too."

Will's heart melted in his chest. Mike wanted him, just as bad as he wanted Mike. The sweet sound of Mike's voice made Will want to forget classes, pack up everything, and return to him. Nothing else in the world mattered to Will. Mike felt similar feelings, as he didn't want to concentrate on school anymore. If given the option, he would change his major to studying Will Byers. Oh how the fantasies take a great toll in their heads. Both Mike and Will would have to control their urges, as they needed to focus on academics.

"Man, I wish we were still in your bed," Will whispered.

"Yeah, me too" Mike said in a voice that resonated sexual desire, "Damn it! I miss your body!"

Will's lower regions tightened with arousal. He began to realize that he was sitting in a dorm hallway, so masturbating was out of the question. Also, Dustin was behind the door, asleep in his bed, and was a light sleeper. Will groaned in frustration and Mike noticed.

"What's wrong," Mike asked with concern.

Will lowered his voice to the softest, yet still audible, whisper,

"Dustin is sleeping and I'm sitting in the hallway. It's not an ideal place to jerk off."

Mike laughed so loud, Will could have sworn it woke up Dustin.

"It's not funny!" Will whispered loudly, "It's all your fault."

"What?" Mike playfully gasped, "My fault? You wanted to come down here!"

"True....but you're hard to resist."

Both were quiet, trying to control their sexual frustrations. Mike couldn't take it anymore and he knew what he wanted. Mike's nineteenth birthday was approaching and he had an idea for a birthday present.

"Will, since Thanksgiving will be...less than pleasant, do you want to get together for my birthday? You know, just the two of us?"

Will got excited at the idea. Mike's birthday was the weekend after Thanksgiving. It would be the perfect time to be alone without an elephant in the room. It would also give both of them plenty of time to...ahem...prepare.

"That sounds like fun," Will said smiling.

"Okay," Mike responded, heart palpitating, "well...it's a date?"

Will laughed, "Yes. It is."

Mike wanted to seduce Will over the phone, but knowing Dustin was in close proximity to Will's location was too much of a risk. "Will Dustin be out of the dorm tomorrow?"

"I think so," Will answered, "he usually has a biology lab from 6 to 9.."

"Ok," Mike said, "I'm gonna call you around 8 tomorrow night. I have a surprise."

"Another surprise?" Will laughed, "what did I do to deserve all of

these surprises?"

Mike sighed with warmth in his heart, "Everything."

Mike resisted his urge to express deep feeling to Will. Drafting his love letter would give them more time to settle into their newfound relationship slowly. It would also give Mike time to prepare his breakup with El. Breakup, Mike's head was torn into two sides: Will and El. Will was warm sunshine and happy-go-lucky songs. El was a summer thunderstorm with tropical force winds, who also had Hurricane Hopper in tow. Mike wanted desperately to get this breakup over with and done. But, he remembered Will's advice: it needs to be done in person.

Mike heard Will yawn, "Are you tired?" he asked Will.

"Yeah," Will yawned again, "it was a long ride. I have an 8:00 AM class. Can we talk tomorrow?"

"Sure," Mike said.

Both said their goodbyes and hung up. Will quietly walked back in the dorm room, removed his jeans, and climbed into bed. Will began to drift off into a sound sleep, dreaming only of Mike.

The dream balloon then popped suddenly, as Dustin quickly turned over and said, "So, does Mike have a big cock?"

"Shut up, Dustin!" Will launched a pillow in Dustin's direction.

After the phone call with Will, Mike went to bed. He turned out the light and crawled under the covers, closing his eyes and thinking of Will. His mind was restless, thinking about Will and his naked body under the rushing water of the shower. How delicate his body was, laying under Mike. The silken smoothness of Will's skin and his soft, pink lips. Mike began to harden and he could help but stroke out the frustration. He began to tighten his grasp, pumping it slowly and taking his time. He imagined Will laying beneath him, begging Mike to come all over him. Mike wanted nothing more than to be dominated by Will. Mike would return the favor, of course, flipping Will over on all fours, plunging deep inside of him; his hands

grasping Will's ass tightly. Mike stroked himself faster, imagining Will moaning his name as Mike fucked him, spanking him, calling Will his bad boy. He wanted to be rough with Will, relieving months of sexual tension.

Mike pumped faster and was sweating all over, sighing Will's name at an audible level. He didn't care if anyone heard him, he wanted to be back in Will's arms, tangled in his from passion and ecstasy. Mike was about to fly over the edge, increasing his pace, moaning at his own self pleasure. Mike's face and chest were flushed with heat, sweat pouring from him. Mike squeezed his eyes shut as he spilled all over his abdomen, gasping through his climax. Upon his final stroke, he laid there, out of breath, out of his mind, lonely and pining for Will.

14. Chapter 14

Chapter 14

The first day back in class was extremely difficult. Mike had a hard time concentrating in his lectures, as his mind wandered back to the long weekend. During his agricultural lab, Mike was assigned to dig the holes, so they could plant the sprouting trees. Mike channeled his frustration as he dug into the earth's soil, for he too felt a hole in his heart. He desperately missed Will and his warm, soft body. It felt like scolding hot lava was flowing from his chest down to his manhood and his lust drive was overloading. Mike continued to dig into the dirt, harder and faster, sweat dripping off his forehead. Alex came over with one of the baby trees.

"You ok, dude?" Alex asked.

"Huh?" Mike said in a daze, "Uh, yeah. I just want to get these holes dug today."

Alex eyed Mike carefully, as Mike was out of breathe, panting like he ran a marathon. Alex placed the tree in the hole and Mike began to shovel in the dirt. As they continued with their work, the lab director blew his whistle, indicating the end of the lab session. After cleanup, Mike and Alex got into Alex's car, and drove back to the dorm. The drive from the wooded area to the dorm was only a few miles, giving Mike and Alex time to catch up from their long weekend.

"So," Alex initiated the conversation, "June's roommate is not returning to school. Apparently, she had way too much fun with one of the frat pledges, and now she's knocked up."

"Wow," Mike responded, "that sucks."

"Yeah," Alex replied, "so I may be spending more time in her dorm. Is that ok?"

Mike couldn't help but grin a little bit. He would have the dorm room to himself, which meant more private conversations with Will. "That's fine," he said, "I don't mind."

"Awesome. Maybe when El visits, you'll have free reign of the room."

"El?" Mike asked, his answer seemed far away.

Alex furrowed his brows in confusion, "Yeah, El. Your girlfriend?"

"Yeah," Mike sounded depressed. Alex took notice of Mike's tone and was concerned.

"Are you and El still together? I mean, I saw the pink scrunchie on the door. Did y'all have an argument?"

Mike was shocked by Alex's last comment. "Wait...you saw the scrunchie?! I thought you went home!"

"I did. But, June and I came back a day early and saw the door. I didn't want to disturb you, so I stayed at June's. And....I heard the heavy breathing, so I assume you two were busy," Alex winked at Mike.

Mike groaned with embarrassment and felt tightness in his chest. He had only known Alex since the summer and he wasn't sure how Alex felt about homosexuality. Also, Mike hated lying to people. He didn't want to lie to Alex, but he didn't want to start an argument either.

"Yeah," Mike forced the lie out of his throat, "she came to visit."

Alex face lit up, "You go man! So...did she enjoy herself?"

Mike hesitated, the tightness in his chest increasing, "Y-yeah, it was ok."

"Well, if she had a good time, then what's the matter?" Alex asked.

If Mike was going to lie about his overnight guest, then he wasn't going to lie about his current feelings for El. A heart to heart conversation with his roommate about relationships may ease his tension, regarding the upcoming breakup. "I don't think our relationship is going to work out," Mike explained.

"Oh," Alex responded, "did you meet someone else?"

Mike face froze in place. "N-no!" Mike semi-shouted, startling Alex, "I-I just feel there is....you know....more out there. Like, now that I'm in...ah...a different setting."

"Hey, I get it," Alex said, "I was in the same boat with June. She was afraid that I would meet someone else, so she followed me here."

"Wait..." Mike seemed surprised, "you two seem happy. You didn't want her to come with you?"

At that point, Alex pulled into the dorm parking lot, into his assigned space, and shut off the engine. He then turned to Mike, with a guilty look on his face.

"I love June," Alex explained, "but we've been through a lot of shit, before we moved here. She got accepted into seven other schools. Seven! But, she got so wrapped up in jealousy, she followed me here. We had a fight about it before graduation. I wanted her to follow her own path, to experience new things...without me, and if our relationship could hold up to that, then it can withstand anything. However, she was afraid I would find someone else. So, here we are, at the same school...and she's latched on to me."

Mike sat very still, listening intently, "And you don't want to break up?"

"No," Alex responded.

"Why? You don't seem happy."

"Can you imagine what would happen, Mike, if I broke it off with her? She would go crazy! She would stalk me, follow me everywhere, and sneak around our dorm! We wouldn't have a phone, as she would call so much, that I would toss it out the window!"

Mike understood where Alex was coming from. It was one of Mike's biggest fears on himself: settling with someone due to fear of the unknown.

"So, you're settling....with June?"

"What choice do I have? It's either be here with her and get married

after college, or endure a screaming match, and risking not finding someone else. With June, I know I'll have a future set in stone."

"Yeah, but you won't be happy."

Alex opened the car door, got out, and looked down at Mike, "That's a sacrifice I'm willing to make." Alex shut the car door and Mike exited the passenger side.

They returned to their dorm room and Alex packed a bag, to go over to June's dorm. Alex then exited, with a downhearted look. Mike felt bad for him, he was sacrificing his own happiness because he was afraid. Afraid to upset a loved one. Afraid of the unknown. Mike didn't want to experience the same situation as his roommate. As sorry as he felt for Alex, his relationship issues did make Mike feel better, about calling it quits with El. The words that Mike had a difficult time producing, came rushing in to his brain. He knew exactly what he would say to El, and he didn't want to wait until the holiday. He grabbed the phone and dialed Will's number.

Fireworks were going off in his chest, his face tingling with euphoric sensation. Everything was coming together, his validated feelings for Will, the speech to El about moving on. For some strange reason, all of the over confidence was giving Mike a boner. He needed Will to hurry up and answer the phone.

After what seemed like an eternity, Will picked up the phone, "Hello?" Will asked.

"Are you alone?" Mike asked in a low and husky voice.

"Mike?" Will responded.

"Will. Are....you...alone?"

Will felt his heart speed up in pace, "Y-yes."

"Take off your pants," Mike demanded.

"M-mike? What?"

"Will!" Mike bellowed in the receiver, "Take off your pants now!"

Will held the phone gently as he removed his jeans. Mike had already unzipped his own jeans and positioned himself on his bed. With his back to the mattress, he grasped his cock firmly.

"Ok, they're off," Will said.

"Good," Mike responded, "now, you're going to come for me and all I want to hear coming out of your mouth is my name. Understand?"

"Yes, Mike," Will was already hard at the sound of Mike's dominance. He began to massage the tip of his cock slowly. Meanwhile, overcome with confidence, Mike's hand was all over his own dick, desperately wishing it was Will.

"God, Will. You felt so amazing this weekend. I loved it when you sucked my hard cock all the way down your throat, you bad boy."

"Mike!" Will gasped, moving his hand from the tip down the shaft.

Mike began to stroke his own at a steady pace, "I want you back in my bed. I want to come all over you again. But this time, I want to be in control...to be your master."

Will was getting flustered by Mike's dirty talk, one of his own personal fantasies coming to life. Will placed more lotion on his hand and pumped slightly faster. He could tell he wasn't going to last long and was trying to hold out as long as possible.

"What would you have me do, master?" Will asked.

"Hey! I said I only want to hear my name out of you," Mike scolded, "and because you disobeyed me, you deserve a spanking."

"Mike!" Will gasped, stroking faster.

"Spank yourself, Will."

Will stopped stroking, extremely confused, "You want me to spank myself?"

"Will...do it. I want to hear it."

Mike had removed his shirt, and continued stroking. On the other end, Will had turned halfway over, his erection hot and flushed, begging for attention. He took his hand and smacked it firmly on his ass. Aroused by the sensation, he did it again, harder. Will picked up the pace and began spanking himself, his dick leaking and begging for release. Mike began to get aggressive with his own erection, extremely turned on by the sounds of slapping skin.

"That's right," Mike growled, "you're my bad boy. Looks like somebody needs to get fucked."

Will returned to his cock, stroking as fast as he could, chest heavy with lack of oxygen. Will closed his eyes and thrashed against his pillow, as Mike continued.

"I'd flip you in all fours, get you nice and wet, and slide my cock right in you. I'd fuck you so hard, you wouldn't be able to walk. You like my cock?"

"Yes!" Will could feel the wave coming. He was about to release and wanted Mike to come too, "pound me, Mike!"

"Oh I would," Mike gasped, "you want me to come inside you?"

"Yes!" Will shouted.

"Come for me baby. Master's gonna come too."

Both Mike and Will increased their pace, their moans matching in key, heavy panting coming from both ends of the phone.

"Gah," Will groaned, "I'm coming!" Will began to feel his warm seed coat his hands and stomach. Mike came shortly after, coating his own abdomen. Both panting in sync with one another, taking a few moments to recover from their orgasmic high.

"That...was....amazing," Will being the first to speak, "I like the Master game."

"Yeah?" Mike responded out of breath, "I'm glad you liked it. I'll bring leather whip for next time." Mike began to chuckle and Will followed. Eventually, both shared a laugh. Mike felt wave after wave of relief

and Will felt recharged.

"Will," Mike said, "I can't wait until Thanksgiving."

"Mike..." "I know! I know you said it would be rude to do it over the phone. But, I can't wait anymore. It has to be soon."

Will sighed, "It's left up to you. I was just trying to advise of the nice thing to do. You know, the non-asshole way."

"I've come to terms that I am already an asshole. Besides, I've made my decision."

"Ok," Will sighed again, as he cleaned himself up, "but according to my mom, she and Hop won't be back in town until Saturday."

Mike was somewhat relieved, as the breakup would happen this week. However, he was still a bit on edge, mostly because he wanted to get this over with.

"Alright," Mike said, "Saturday it is."

"I'm here for you," Will said gently, "call me if you need me."

Mike couldn't take it anymore, overstimulation of his pride and post-orgasm taking over his body, "Hey, Cleric?"

"Yes, Paladin?"

Mike took a deep breath, "I love you."

15. Chapter 15

As a reminder, I do not own nor endorse Stanger Things, Star Wars, and/or any other affiliates.

Chapter 15

The next few nights, Will didn't sleep. How could he? Mike had told Will he loved him. This was a day Will had pictured only in his dreams. Mike wanting him, needing him, pining over his every move. Will thought the tension would fade away, now that both felt the same way about each other. But, there a dark cloud still looming around him and the sun wouldn't shine until Mike broke up with El. What made the situation even more interesting was Will's response.

I love you, Will.

::pause for effect:: I know.

Will angrily thrashed his paint brush around the canvas. *I know? I KNOW? Of all the times to quote Star Wars....*

Will locked himself in the art lab and hastily painted out his feelings. Turns out, it was helping him to his advantage. His advisor had monitored the work in progress and was impressed with Will's work, calling it the best he's painted all semester.

"What do you call it?" his advisor asked.

Will stared at it for a while, feeling relief of expressing his pent up frustration.

"Paladin," Will answered.

Friday rolled around and Dustin was heading out for another Biology department camping trip. Will sat on his bed, watching his roommate pack his camping gear.

"Tomorrow, huh?" Dustin asked.

Will huffed out a harsh breath, "That's what Mike said."

"Wow. I cant believe he's actually doing it. No fear whatsoever?"

"None. It's like he's a whole new person."

"Well, it's a good thing I'm out this weekend. I don't want to be anywhere near the chaos." Dustin stopped short, regretting his words.

Will looked confused, "What do you mean? We won't be anywhere near it."

"Um..." Dustin said softly.

"Dustin?" Will stared him down, "what's going on?"

"Well...Mike called. And I may have..." They were interrupted by a knock at the door.

Will walked towards the door, "Are you expecting someone?" he asked Dustin as he opened the door.

"No, but you are!" that familiar baritone voice answered from the other side of the door.

Will's heart rushed to his throat, "Mike!" he shouted, "w-what are you doing here?"

Throwing his weekend bag to the ground, Mike took Will into his arms. As both snuggled into their prolonged hug, Dustin cleared his throat.

"Sorry to interrupt this....moment," Dustin gestured his hands between to two, "but if you two lovebirds want to thank me, now's the time."

Dustin hoisted his camp bag onto his shoulder and hugged Will and Mike.

"Thanks, Dustin," Mike said.

As Dustin walked out the door, he turned around, with a wide smirk on his face. "Don't be breaking in my bed, you two horny shits." Dustin the turned around and bounced down the hall.

Mike closed and locked the door behind him, dark eyes eyeing up and down Will's body. Will opened his mouth to speak, but was forcefully interrupted by Mike's lips, crashing into Will's. Will kissed him back, running his hands up Mike's back and into his hair, gripping the base of his scalp. Will knew what turned Mike on, and tugged the curls firmly. Mike growled and went down to suck Will's neck, leaving fresh hickeys in place of the healing ones. Mike grabbed Will's ass tightly as he began nibbling, causing Will to gasp out loud.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, causing Mike to freeze in place.

"Guys," Dustin called from the other side, "I forgot my hat. Can I come in?"

The red began to appear in Mike's eyes, as he was furious for being interrupted during his alone time with Will. Mike stomped over to Dustin's desk, grabbed his hat, and went back to the door. He swung the door open with great strength, and stared at Dustin with a demonic look. Dustin semi-toothy grin quickly turned into a look of pure fear, at the sight of Mike. Mike threw the hat at Dustin and said low and slow,

"Go.....away..."

Dustin swallowed and nodded slightly, then ran back down the hall, camp bag bobbing up and down his back. Mike slammed the door and locked it again. He resumed back to Will's neck, nibbling again as Will rubbed his hand carelessly all over Mike. Will cupped Mike's heated excitement, causing Mike to whimper.

"Mike," Will panted, "we're doing this...today. I can't wait any longer."

Mike purred in Will's neck and kissed up to his ear, "Why do you think I'm here?" He whispered.

Mike's words sparked another wave of arousal in Will, as his hands went straight for Mike's belt. As Will began to unbuckle and unzip Mike's pants, Mike removed his own shirt and threw it across the room. He then reached for Will's shirt and yanked it over Will's head.

Both were undressing the other with desperate need, to where they were both left in their boxers. Mike looked at Will's new choice of underwear and giggled.

"No more briefs?" He asked Will.

Will smirked, "Easy access," and winked.

Mike fell upon Will's lower body, and plunged his hand in Will's boxers, grabbing the warm erection. The sudden move from Mike took Will by surprise and he covered his mouth to quiet his moaning. Mike sucked Will's cock deep in his mouth, and down his throat. His thirst for Will was overbearing, and he couldn't get enough of the salty taste.

"Yes," Will panted, "I've been needing this. A-aah...you're really g-good at this."

Mike hummed in Will's dick, confirming he heard Will. He popped his mouth off and stroked slowly, not to make Will come too early. He looked up into Will, with large puppy eyes.

"Will," Mike said softly, "you have no idea how bad I want this."

Mike then stood up and kissed Will more softly, sliding Will's boxers down his legs. Will stepped out of them and slid off Mike's boxers. Mike took Will's hands and guided him to his bed. Mike rolled on top of Will, kissing him gently. He then stared down deep into Will and Will staring right back at him.

"You are my first," Mike whispered. "

You're my first, too," Will whispered back.

Mike kissed Will again, both lost into their own world of lust. The temperature in the room began to rise, with a stifling feeling, heat radiating from their flushed and tangled bodies. Mike's hand made his way down to Will's cheeks, when suddenly Will grabbed Mike's wrist.

"No," Will said, "I want to."

Mike cupped Will's face and gently kissed his forehead, "Are you sure? I want to make you feel good."

Will rolled Mike over in his back and laid on top of him, "You will."

Both crashed their lips together, tongues and hands all over each other. Will broke apart from Mike, to grab a condom and the bottle of lube. Mike whined in protest and grabbed Will, pulling him back on top, Will dropping the items on the bed.

"Easy, Mike! I gotta get you ready!"

Mike waited impatiently, slowly stroking his own length, while Will poured the lube on his hands. Without warning, he gently inserted a finger into Mike's tight entrance. Mike lifted his head up slightly, watching Will stretching him, the look on Will's face was pure lust. His breathing getting heavy, Mike wanted more.

"Will...."

Will began to stretch him with multiple fingers, circling inside Mike's tight walls. Mike felt like he was boiling, wanting Will to hurry up. He couldn't take anymore foreplay. Mike immediately moved up, grabbing Will's face into his lips, like a wild animal freed from his cage. Grabbing the condom, Mike ripped the wrapper open.

"Now Will..."

"Mike, I-"

"NOW!"

Mike rolled the condom onto Will's cock with one stroke. Will, shocked by Mike's eagerness, pushed him with force, back to the mattress. He tilted Mike's hips slightly, for better access and lined himself up, pressing his forehead to Mike's.

"I love you," Will whispered, as he began to slowly push in.

Mike didn't have time to respond, his voice catching in his throat and Will was slowly pushing into Mike. A slightly muffled groan escaped Mike, adjusting to the new pressure. It was a different feeling he

never would forget, a strange sensation he could not describe with mere words.

As Will plunged deep into Mike, the tight and warm sensation covered his excitement like a heavy blanket. To Will, it was a comforting feeling, as if he and Mike were meant to be together all this time. The missing puzzle piece to Will's complicated love life, had been found and put in it's place.

Once he was able to fit it all in, and began to slowly thrust in and out. Mike's brain immediately shut off, with a feeling of levitation taking it's place. There was no more question to Mike's situation, it was Will. The feeling of Will inside him, this moment of both linking together physically and emotionally, was all Mike needed.

"Don't stop," Mike breathed, "please don't stop."

"I won't," Will responded. Will slid down to wear his head rested in the crock of Mike's neck. He gently kissed Mike's jaw, then proceeded to speed up his pace....significantly.

"Y-yes!" Mike gritted through his teeth, his eyes firmly shut and his head tilted. He held on to Will's shoulders and Will pounded his dick in Mike, at full force.

Will bit Mike's neck, for added pleasure, causing Mike to let out the loudest moan. Will took the que and bit harder, thrusting faster.

"I-I'm...ssssooo...close," Mike gasped.

Still latched to Mike, Will took one hand and wrapped it around Mike's cock, pumping as fast as his hips were moving. Mike went over the edge, his soft curls mattered against his forehead from sweat. Mike went from moaning to downright screaming.

"Fuck!" Mike screamed in Will's ear, "F-fuck!"

Mike came all over his stomach and Will's hand. The heat from Mike's seed rocked Will to his core, and after a few moments, he came with a forcefully and finally thrust. Both laid there, tangled in one another, their bodies and bedsheets drenched with sweat. Will didn't move until he could catch his breath, enjoying every moment of

Mike's post-orgasmic embrace. He felt a gentle kiss in his head, and a whisper of "I love you".

He gently pulled out of Mike and took a moment to gaze down at Mike. For a moment, he was entranced by how beautiful Mike was, laying in his bed, bare and loving. After a quick kiss, Will went to discard the used condom, grabbed a clean washcloth, and went back to clean up Mike. He took the washcloth and wiped Mike's forehead, both exchanging loving looks, before he proceeded to clean Mike's stomach.

"You rode 9 hours for this?" Will asked.

Mike smirked, "No, airplane. Much shorter trip."

Will threw the washcloth on the floor and snuggled in Mike's arms. "Bus rides....airplane tickets...we are expensive! Our parents will have our heads!" Will laughed.

Mike tilted Will's chin, and kissed his nose. "Worth it."